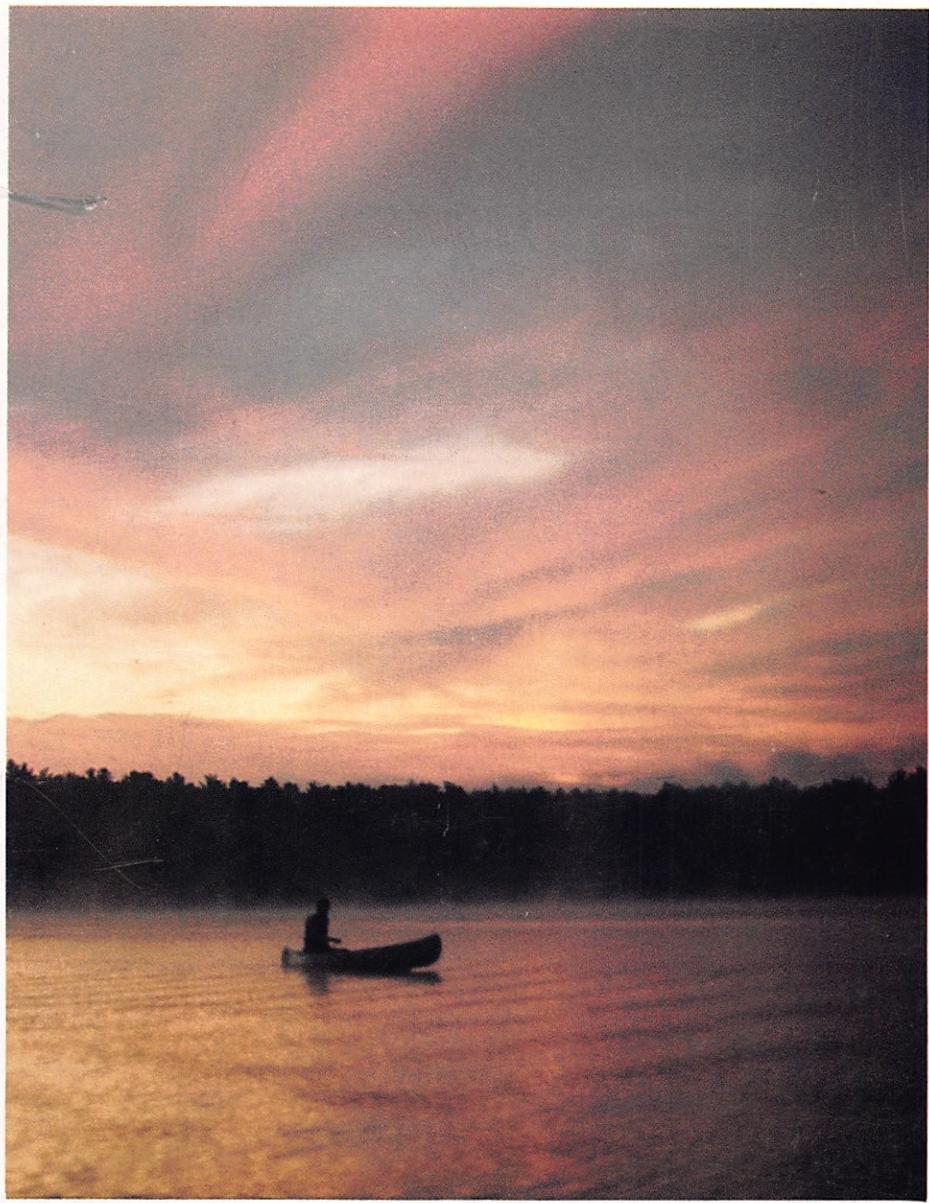


# BitterSweet

95¢

July 1979

The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region Vol. II, No. 9



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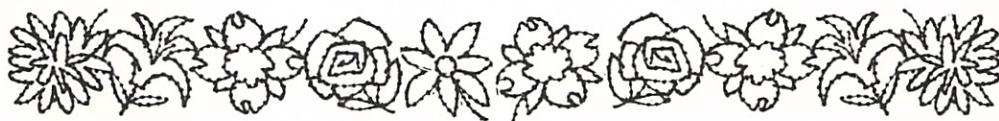
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Dear Peter-

July 79

Right after last month's tragedy with Enio's fertilizer I was out in my garden, down on all fours just a weeding away when I looked up and saw these two beady eyes just a peepin' at me. Why it took me back a little. Jumped me pretty good. When I jumped back, that critter leaped right on me. We were a thrashin' round in the tomatoes and peas when Old Blue my new Blue tick hound, jumped right in. Next thing I knew we were out in the blueberry patch just a hammerin' away at each other. Woooosh! All a sudden we fell down this hole. It was as black as the in side of your hat. I got my eyes in focus just a bit. All I could see was these beady eyes peepin' at us. Why it looked just like Halloween. Peepin' eyes all over the place. Old Blue kind of slid over right close. Well... I'm not sure if it was Old Blue sliding or me. I know we were pretty close together. I finally got a match lit. Once that match lit up that hole Old Blue dug down 'bout three feet 'fore his feet stopped spinning. And mister he headed for that blue sky just above. We both reached the top just 'bout the same time. Now I want to tell you those were the biggest beetles I ever saw. Just 'bout the size of a wash tub.

Bert.-

DEAR BERT-

THERE SURE BEEN A LOT OF CREEPY CRAWLIN' INSECTS 'ROUND THIS YEAR AN' BIG TOO. WHY YOU KNOW THE ANTS WERE DIGGIN' UNDER OUR HOUSE AN' IT DROPPED 'BOUT ONE FOOT, FORE WE STARTED USING SOME OF THAT ANT DUST WE SELL. WHY IT WIPE 'EM RIGHT OUT. ORTHO HAS ALL KINDS OF SPRAYS, DUSTS AN' AEROSOL CANS THAT ZAPS ALL SORTS OF INSECTS. WE SELL THEIR COMPLETE LINE OF INSECT ZAPPIN', FOR 'SQUITOES, FLIES, ANTS, ROACHES, SPIDERS, SLUGS, SNAILS, ETC., ETC., ETC. BUZZ ON OVER. ~ PETER.



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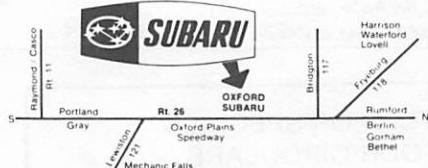
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Mickey & Stephen

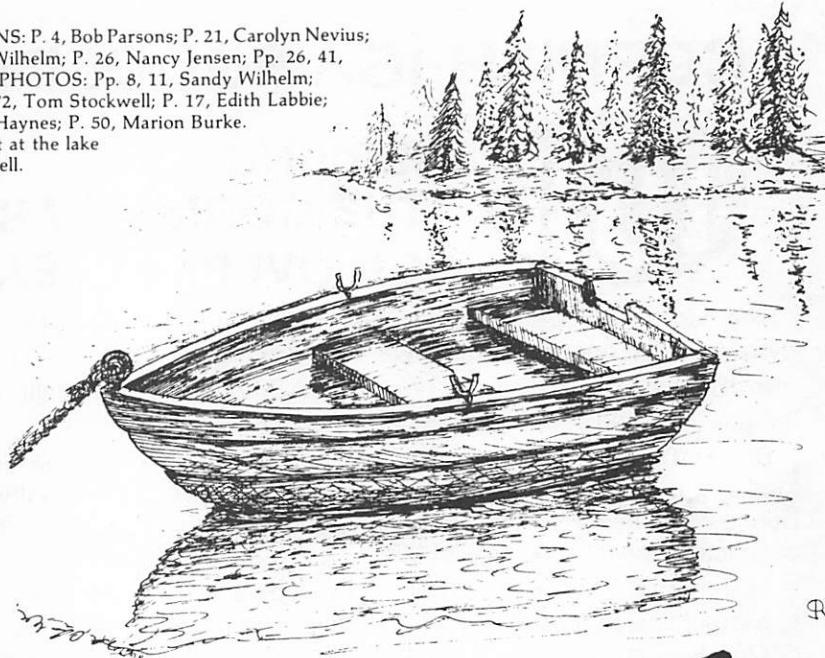
CORNISH  FOODLINER

Cornish Shopping Center

Route 25, Cornish, Maine

## CREDITS

ILLUSTRATIONS: P. 4, Bob Parsons; P. 21, Carolyn Nevius;  
P. 24, Michael Wilhelm; P. 26, Nancy Jensen; Pp. 26, 41,  
Phoebe Levine. PHOTOS: Pp. 8, 11, Sandy Wilhelm;  
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Pp. 34, 49, Bill Haynes; P. 50, Marion Burke.  
COVER: Sunset at the lake  
by Tom Stockwell.



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# BitterSweet Views

No sooner had we heard from readers through our reader survey that we ought to avoid any magazine cost increase than we were faced with the news that a price hike was, indeed, inevitable. Skyrocketing costs of paper and other printing supplies will mean a 20 per cent increase in the cost of producing **BitterSweet** over the next few months. Since we have run a bare bones operation from the start, there is simply no fat to trim in order to absorb the extra expenses. If we're to stick around, we've got to pass them on.

What this means is that beginning with this issue, **BitterSweet** will cost 95 cents each month. Subscriptions will be \$9 a year. Those people who are charter subscribers will be able to purchase subscriptions at their original rate however (\$8).

We are obviously sorry to see this happen. But, we've managed to hold the line on price for more than a year and a half while establishing the magazine. And this month's issue is the largest ever. We hope you feel it's worth the extra expense.

I was confiding in a neighbor the other day about my misgivings on having to raise the price of the magazine.

"I worry whether it's worth almost a dollar," I said, seeking his reassurance.

"Well," he said dryly, "a dollar ain't worth that much these days."

It's a backhanded compliment to be sure—but a fact of life that we at **BitterSweet** can no longer avoid. □

*Sandy Wilhelm*

P. S. We hope you'll enjoy our expanded *Goings On* section for July.

## CATBIRD

Through the early morning mist,  
A repertoire of melodic calls  
Penetrates the silence of my study;  
Our catbird has returned to the  
lilac bush.

Jack Barnes  
Hiram

# BitterSweet

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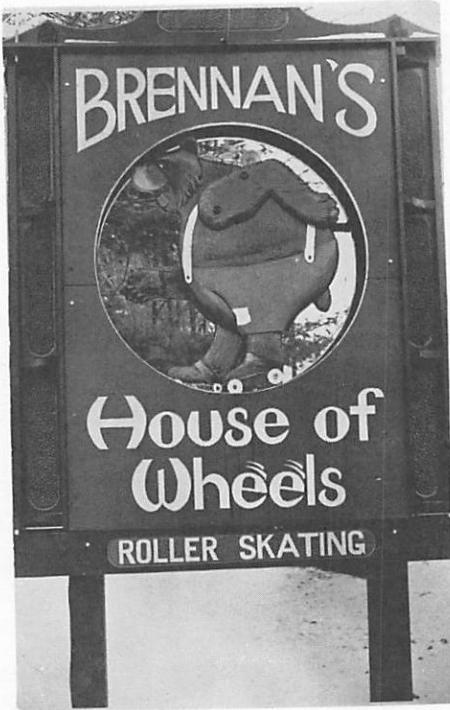
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**NOTE:** We just received notification that the pictures accompanying the May article, "Black Gold Through Oxford County," by Margaret M. Sawyer, were taken by Gordon F. Labay.



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# Eastman Johnson: Maine's Finest

by Harry C. Walker

In January of this year an oil painting, titled "Sugaring Off At The Camp," done of a scene in Fryeburg, was offered for sale by Hirsch & Adler Galleries of New York City. For twenty-five years it had hung in the library of the little town of Rockport, Maine.

Needing money for the library, the directors had the painting appraised and, heartened by a high appraisal, consigned the picture to the New York firm. It sold for a surprising \$320,000.

The artist was Eastman Johnson. The sale, beyond any doubt, establishes Johnson as Maine's number one native-born painter. Also, it probably places him among the top ten artists of the nation, past or present. Few, if any, paintings by native American artists have topped the above figure.

What inspires a feeling of pride in many of us is the fact that not only was Eastman Johnson born in Maine, he was born in Oxford County, in Lovell Village. His father was Philip C. Johnson, the Secretary of State of Maine at the time. His mother was Mary Chandler. Eastman was one of eight children born to this couple and he was named Jonathan Eastman Johnson. For some unknown reason he never used his first name when signing his art works.

When he was three years old the family moved to nearby Fryeburg Village where Eastman spent the next seven years of his life. It is safe to assume that this was a happy period of his life in which he and his many brothers and sisters enjoyed the pleasures the area provides—such as bathing in the sandy Saco River, climbing Jockey Cap (one of the world's largest boulders), and

certainly joining in the fun at sugaring-off parties held every spring in the maple orchards of rural Fryeburg.

The family's next move was to the state capital where Eastman attended the Augusta schools. Part of his schooling was to learn to draw and he soon became a very good draftsman. By the time he was eighteen he was doing crayon portraits that were good enough to sell. At twenty he was making a fair living doing portraits of Maine people, traveling from town to town to obtain commissions. Once he spent several months in Portland where there were more prominent citizens to portray.

Soon Eastman decided to go to Washington, D.C., a move that definitely helped his career. Aided by his father's political friends, he was allowed to use a senate committee room as a studio. Word of his ability spread and in due time many people of distinction sat for portraits. Among them were John Q. Adams, Daniel Webster, Dolley Madison, and justices of the Supreme Court. Eastman Johnson was doing all right for a young man of twenty-two from Oxford County.

His popularity as a portrait draftsman increased and led to an invitation from Henry W. Longfellow to come to Boston and draw the poet's family and friends. Johnson accepted the call and executed many portraits in the Hub, including those of the Longfellows, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. These were drawn first with charcoal, then finished in hard crayon.

While in Boston, Johnson experimented

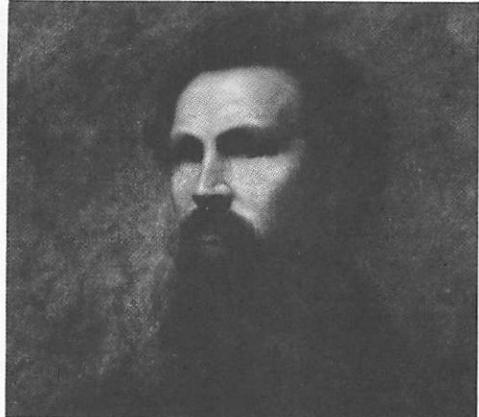


*Johnson's Lovell birthplace (above)  
and self-portrait (right)*

with pastels, but was yet to try oil as a medium. Aware that better art instruction was available in Europe than in America, he decided to go there and study. In August of 1849 he sailed for Germany with an artist-friend named George Hall, and in a few weeks he was attending classes at the Royal Academy in Dusseldorf.

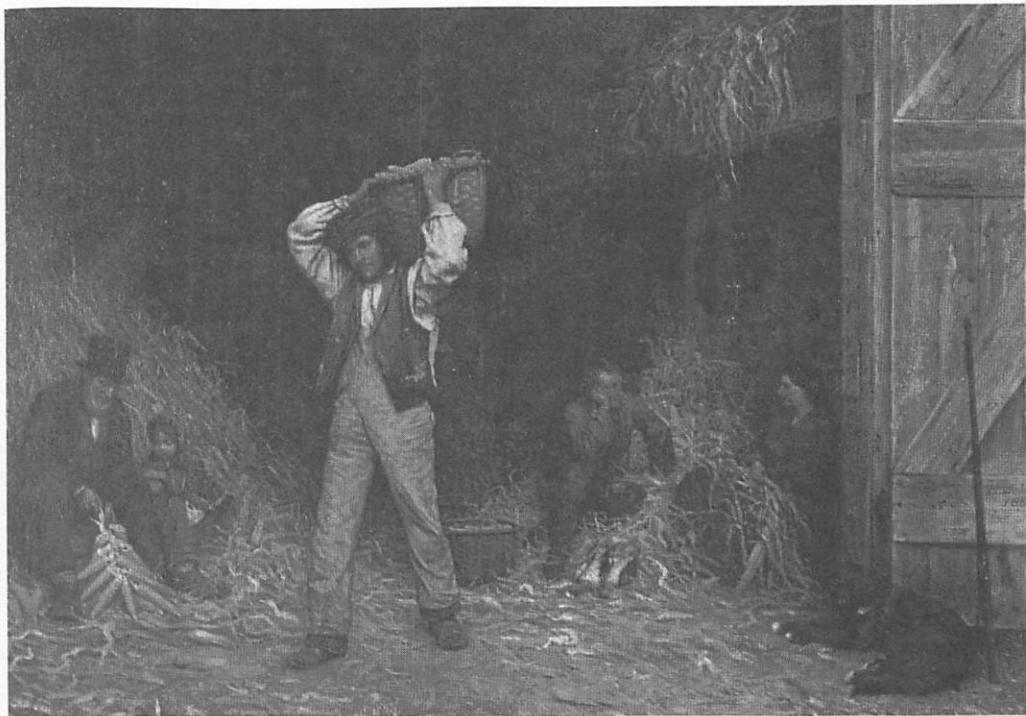
A new student at the Academy had to show great skill in drawing before being allowed in the painting classes. Already a competent draftsman, Johnson advanced to the oil painting classes rather quickly and in the fall of 1850 sent two oils to the American Art Union for sale. Whether or not these two attempts in the new medium sold isn't known, as they have long since disappeared.

The Dusseldorf School was known as a *genre* school and what Johnson learned there proved valuable to him in later years when he painted homey and rural scenes in America. In 1851 he left the school and entered the studio of Emanuel Leuetze, the most famous of the Americans in Dusseldorf, whose best known work is the familiar "Washington Crossing The Delaware."



Johnson felt at ease with Leuetze and profited from their association, but within a year he decided to move to The Hague and study at first hand the Dutch masters whose works were to be seen only in Holland. There he made many sketches from Van Dyke and Rembrandt and other low-country greats, learning a great deal about color and composition.

Through the sponsorship of the American ambassador to The Hague he received several orders for oil portraits. Those he did of adults were his best yet, showing near-mastery of the technique of flesh tones emerging from the shadowed areas of the human face. Those he did of children, however, were too cute and sweet. Which, no doubt, was what the doting parents of the subjects desired.



*One of Johnson's most widely known paintings, "Corn Husking"...*

Johnson was held in such high esteem by the Dutch that he was offered the position of court painter in 1855. It was an honor that was hard for the young man from Maine to refuse, but he graciously declined to accept it, feeling that, skilled as he was, he really needed more study. Later in that year he went to Paris and joined a group of American artists in the studio of Thomas Couture.

He thrived under Couture's influence and enjoyed the warm friendship of his Paris associates, but his stay was cut short by the death of his mother. Johnson returned to America a vastly more competent artist than when he had left his country six years before, thanks to the fine training he received in Germany, Holland, and France. He faced his homeland well-equipped to picture its diverse peoples on canvas more truly than many of them had ever been depicted.

Back in the city of Washington, Johnson soon exhibited two of his European paintings at the National Academy of Design, and they were favorably noted. On a visit to his sister Sarah in Wisconsin, he got a good look at the American frontier. There he

did some portraits and a few landscapes, but landscape painting was not one of his better fields. He was back in Washington in early 1857, a bit undecided on what to paint next.

In the 1850's a new medium was becoming popular—daguerreotypes. These little, inexpensive likenesses cut into the demand for the traditional large oil portraits and caused many artists to worry. Luckily, Eastman was well trained in the genre field, in which scenes of everyday life are realistically presented, such as farmers gathering crops or children playing simple games. William Sidney Mount was already gaining favor with his intriguing rustic works and Johnson would soon follow his example.

Another visit to Wisconsin led to a fascination with the Chippewa Indians, and Johnson travelled to Grand Portage where he lived for several months sketching and painting Indians in their native settings. At this time many people believed that the American Indian was destined soon to become extinct. This misbelief caused some artists to hasten to capture all aspects of Indian life on canvas before the noble Red



...and the Day barn on Fish Street, Fryeburg, which served as the scene for the painting

Men were no more.

Johnson may have thought that the Indian would vanish, but another likely reason for his love affair with the Chippewas was that *Hiawatha*, the epic poem about a Chippewa legend, was written by his good friend and fellow State-of-Mainer, Henry W. Longfellow.

Sketching Indians in groups and singly, at work or in canoes, Johnson did them justice with true portrayals. He drew them just as he saw them: high cheekbones, dark eyes, thick black hair, and noble noses, and he depicted them as individuals, not as a type. Critics recognized this honesty and praised his new achievement.

Late in 1857 Johnson lived in Cincinnati for a time, doing portraits. In the spring of the next year he went to New York City and took a studio on Washington Square. It was during this year, 1858, that he did what became one of his most famous paintings, "Life In The South." It pictured a large and obviously happy Negro family living in a partly dilapidated house, and it was highly praised by critics for color, figure work, and composition.

Strangely enough, this painting was used by opponents and proponents of slavery as an argument for their diverse opinions. Those supporting slavery said the Johnson picture showed how happy and contented the blacks were in the South, while those against slavery claimed it proved that slaves lived in squalor and neglect. All opinions aside, the painting is a great work of art and as such it endures today in the New York Historical Society. Surely the artist never intended it to stir up a controversy.

Soon the Civil War was on and Johnson did many paintings concerning the great rebellion. He spent as much time at the front as did Winslow Homer, who was twelve years his junior, and his works are historic and meaningful.

Johnson's best action picture is "The Wounded Drummer Boy," the boy being carried on the shoulder of a Union soldier during battle. Another is "The Ride for Freedom," of a large Negro family on a horse racing for the border, an event that the artist actually witnessed. Other war works were about the home front, such as "Writing To Father," and "Knitting for the Soldiers."

In the springs of these Civil War years, Eastman Johnson returned to the town of his boyhood, Fryeburg, and spent much time sketching and painting the rural folks busily engaged at their maple sugar camps. In some scenes the huge iron kettle of sap boils in the presence of as many as twenty people. Men feed wood into the fire or play cards as women chat and children play about. This would be when a "sugaring off" was about to occur and family and friends had gathered to drizzle thickening maple syrup on snow to cool it to crunchy, delicious sugar.

Johnson stayed with a family named Day on Fish Street, between Fryeburg Center and North Fryeburg, and probably used members of this family as models in his sugaring paintings. This possibility especially interests me as one of my great-grandmothers was a Day from the area, and some of the folks Eastman drew in his scenes could be my ancestors. If you think I'd like to own one of these sugar camp works, you're so right!

To travel from one maple orchard to another and to other places, Johnson had a studio-on-wheels constructed. It was pulled by a sturdy, docile horse, and a wood-burning stove was installed so the artist's hands and paints wouldn't be too cold in the April air.

My grandfather, Isaac Walker, recalled seeing Eastman Johnson and his mobile studio go up by his house in Stow, the horses plodding slowly along the muddy road and a stove-pipe protruding from a hole in the side of the box-like conveyance. The artist's mission that day was to sketch an old lady named Wiggin making soap in the back yard of her home up in the foothills of the near-by White Mountains. I've never seen or heard of a Johnson scene about soap being made at home, but this doesn't mean one wasn't done.

The Day farm on Fish Street, now owned by Seth Buchanan, was the scene of one of Johnson's most widely-known paintings titled "Corn-Husking." It pictures four adults and a child and a dog in the open west end of the barn (which still stands today) amidst lots of husks and corn. The artist often painted himself into his genre painting, and in this one he is the seated young man talking to the woman in the right foreground. Johnson's handling of the gradations of light from the dark interior of the barn to the sunlight bathing the doorway is masterful.

This painting was engraved and distributed by Currier and Ives in 1860 and proved to be a popular seller. One of these original prints sold in 1976 for \$12,000. Perhaps we all should take a good look around our attic.

Johnson was a handsome man, well-mannered and at ease with people of all walks of life. He did not lack for feminine admirers, but he didn't marry until 1869 when he was forty-five. His bride was Elizabeth Buckley of Troy, New York. They spent the summer of this year on Nantucket Island, where Eastman found characters and doings that appealed strongly to his artistic senses.

One of the first, and the most famous, of the oils he did on the Island was "The Old Stagecoach." It pictures many boys and girls playing about a discarded, wheel-less coach, acting as "horses," "drivers," and "riders." This was loved by a nineteenth-century America that sentimentalized scenes of happy childhood.

Cranberries are abundant on Nantucket and Johnson's passion for extolling the joys and dignity of rural tasks led to his producing several large canvasses of cranberry pickers. In one painting as many as fifty people are gathering the tart red berries on hands and knees or stooping. The whole scene has a reddish autumn-like hue with highlights singling out bright clothing worn by the women and children.

The old sea captains of the island caught the artist's fancy and he reveled in painting these Joseph C. Lincoln-esque characters again and again. One Captain Myrick, with his titled stove-pipe hat, was Johnson's favorite and was a subject of many of these salty works. More than one ensuing summer found the Johnsons on Nantucket Island.

Fryeburg was not the only town in Maine

---

## NIGHT SOUNDS

Night sounds intermingle  
With the silent vesper shadows  
Creeping softly over meadows,  
Moist from the falling dew

Jack Barnes  
Hiram

where Johnson worked at his craft. His sister Harriet May and her family vacationed in Kennebunkport and Eastman visited them at times. An old barn was available for the children to play in and the artist did numerous pictures of his own young daughter and her cousins walking beams, playing in the loose hay, or gathering eggs. No doubt he was reliving experiences of his own childhood in doing these scenes.

After 1880 Johnson concentrated his efforts mainly on turning out large oil portraits of rich and famous men who sought his services. He painted industrialists Jay Gould, George Pullman, and John D. Rockefeller, and Presidents Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison.

Of course he was paid very well for these portraits, which points out the difference between Johnson and many other artists who also earned fame. He never knew hardship and privation. From the start of his career he was paid for his art works, and had he not been successful, his father was ready to help him. We don't know if Eastman did need financial help from time to time, but if he did the need was probably brief and minimal. His crayons and oils were ever in demand for portraits, and his subjects were usually affluent and prompt with payments.

Johnson's output of art was prodigious over the years, and few artists were ever more popular and loved in their day. Yet from after his death in 1906 until the late 1940's, he was all-but-ignored by art critics and the art-conscious public. The new generations considered Johnson's genre paintings of rural people at work or of children at play as "cute" or maybe "nice," but not really important in the field of American art. Gradually, however, more perceptive critics and art-lovers realized that the works of Eastman Johnson were important. His training in Europe had made him the most technically-advanced genre painter yet to work in this country, and his realistic scenes of middle-class Americans at work or at play in their fields and homes were unrivaled.

It is helpful to those of us who are not art experts to think of Johnson's genre paintings as one huge panorama of American life in the mid-nineteenth century—a panorama with the message that honest toil is a joy and a virtue to be praised and idealized for the good of all, and that country family living with its simple pleasures and privileges is the ideal state of existence.

Johnson brought dignity and democracy to the American art scene and established himself as one of the foremost chroniclers of his time.

When Johnson entered the studio of Emanuel Leuetz in 1851 to study, Leuetz was completing his first of two versions of "Washington Crossing The Delaware." Eastman made a copy of this famous painting and in April of this year, 1979, it was put up for sale in a Sotheby Parke Bernet auction in New York. It brought a very healthy \$370,000, surpassing the \$320,000 paid in January for the painting by Johnson from the Rockport library.

These huge prices speak for themselves as to how important the art world now considers Eastman Johnson. The boy from Lovell and Fryeburg has really made good. Oxford County's native-born son is not only Maine's greatest artist, he is one of the greatest this nation has ever produced. □

*Walker is an art enthusiast living in Norway.*

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# Goin' Fishin'



Photographer Tom Stockwell shot these photos beside the Village Tie-Up in Harrison during the fishing extravaganza which occurs annually as the white perch make their upstream migration.



## FISHIN'

When you see me goin' fishin'  
With my briar and my pole,  
Just know it ain't so much the fish  
That becks from hole to hole  
As 'tis the fishin'—

Fishin' where the water's white—  
Juicy worm, they oughter bite:

Fishin' from a tumbled tree—  
Big one snatched it, reel goes whee!

Fishin' from a mossy bank,  
Waitin' for that thrilling yank—

'Tain't so much the fish I want  
As 'tis the fishin' and the jaunt.





When you see me goin' fishin'  
With my fishin' pants and coat,  
Just know it ain't so much the fish  
Inspiring such a tote  
As 'tis the wishin'—

Wishin' that more folks would go  
Where the singin' waters flow;  
Wishin' they'd just take the day  
Wanderin' round up yonder way;  
Wishin' folks would take the time  
To go up there and think and climb  
And fish and loaf—I know it would  
Do 'em just a world o'good.

Stanley Foss Bartlett



# **Edgar Welch: Man On The Run**

*by Edith Labbie*

Around the Crystal Lake area of Casco Edgar Welch is a legend even though he died three-quarters-of-a-century ago. He was a kind and gentle man with many strange quirks. His long distance running brought fame to the little village which was then known as Webb's Mills.

Welch always had an obsession with long distance running. He could cover sixty miles a day. His little dog "Jip" ran with him until he tired. Then Edgar scooped him up without even breaking pace.

It was Welch's custom to run barefooted and the soles of his feet were said to have resembled salt codfish, they were so tough.

Edgar Welch was a free spirit. He could stay on a job for a week or ten days and then he'd announce, "I've got to be going," and would begin running. If anything got in his way he'd turn around, run home, tag his house, and start out again.

While trotting to Spurr's Corner in Casco one day, he came to a load of hay tipped over in the road. Other travellers had simply gone around it but Edgar did an about-face and returned home. By the time he had returned the hay had been removed from the road.

Each year Welch made a special trip to the summit of Mt. Washington. He always wore a tall silk hat for this occasion. As he and Jip ran through Maine and New Hampshire hamlets, word would be sent to the Summit House that they were on their way.

By the time they appeared running up the trail above the tree line, a welcoming committee composed of hotel guests and the proprietor would be waiting. Welch was urged to stay as long as possible at the mountaintop because he was such a fine drawing card.

He once stayed there as long as three days and explored. Then he cocked his head to one side as though listening to something in the distance, and began running home.

Welch was a hard worker and put in many long days with hoe, pitchfork, and axe. One of his former employers, "Cad" Winslow, said that he was a good hand but when "he got the call," nothing would stop him. When he returned he would simply pick up his tools and begin working again.

Another mill owner, Roscoe Mayberry, said that Edgar could easily stack ten or fifteen cords of wood in almost no time at all. While working in the woods one winter, he remarked that his feet were hot, so he took off his shoes and stockings and took a slide on Big Rattlesnake Pond.

Welch usually wore a flannel shirt, overalls, and sometimes a coat for his running trips to Portland, Lewiston, or Boston. In 1899, an old-timer recorded in his diary: "Edgar Welch, dressed in his tall hat, ran through Main Street, Westbrook in his stocking feet in a snowstorm on his way from Webb's Mills to Portland."



Photo by Bill Haynes

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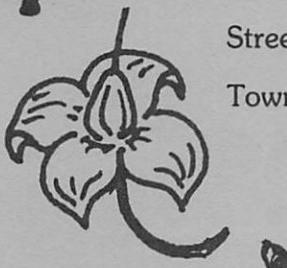
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While Welch was on a similar trip, a neighbor drove up alongside him and offered him a ride. "No thanks," replied Edgar, "I'm in a hurry." When the teamster arrived in Portland, the runner was waiting for him. Another neighbor, owner of a pair of high-spirited horses, challenged Welch to a race to Portland from Raymond Village—a distance of about 22 miles.

During the first part of the race Edgar was far behind but he kept up his pace for mile after mile. He passed the team on the outskirts of Portland and was calmly waiting when the exhausted horses reached their destination.

Two promoters heard about Welch and came down from New York City to pay him a visit. They hoped to cash in on his strange talents and persuaded him to enter a long distance race in the big city. They didn't tell him about the bets they expected to win.

Edgar Welch arrived in New York to find he was to run on a wooden plank track. He cancelled the deal and began trotting back to Maine.

Welch was a fine-looking man, about five feet eleven inches tall. His features were

pleasant because of his continual good nature. An able conversationalist, he used proper English when discussing politics and other topics.

While he was employed at Webb's Mills by a Mr. David McLellan, he heard the farmer say that he would be able to get more work done if Rattlesnake Mountain, to the west of his place, didn't shut the sun away from his land about an hour before it did from his neighbor's property.

Good-hearted Edgar thought about the problem, and then decided to take matters into his own hands. Every evening after work, he would take a pick-axe, crowbar, shovel and lantern along with a lunch, and begin his self-assigned task of taking off the top of Rattlesnake Mt. By lantern and by candle light he worked away at the top ridge, which originally inclined at a 45 degree angle for about 80 feet. Night after night, month after month he worked. By muscle power alone he moved tremendous boulders, some of which weighed at least a ton. As they rolled down the mountainside, neighbors sleeping half a mile away were awakened by the rumble.



*Welch is buried in a small cemetery near the mountain which he shoveled away so that more sunlight would be shed on his neighbor's land*

The jumble of rocks created by Welch remains on the mountainside. Until the boulders were obscured by trees, the scar on the mountain was clearly visible from Route 85.

Edgar Welch loved music and enjoyed singing hymns and folk songs, with a true pitch. Sometimes he composed his own songs and wrote what he called "pomes." They revealed a sense of rhythm if nothing else:

"When I can shoot my rifle dear  
At pigeons in the sky,  
I'll bid farewell to pork and beans  
And live on pumpkin pie."

It was said that Welch had no sweat glands. A local doctor who examined him predicted that this would someday probably be the cause of his death.

Edgar didn't believe that. He knew how he was going to go. He frequently chanted "Seldom seen is Eastman Bean, Eastman Bean is seldom seen."

Everyone knew that Eastman Bean had been killed when he fell from a haymow onto a pitchfork. When Edgar declared that he would also die that way his friends told him the best thing for him to do was to stay out of haymows. He paid them no heed.

His strange prophecy did come true after he fell from a beam in the McLellan Barn and was impaled on a pitchfork. He died December 29, 1903.

His funeral was held in the Webb's Mills' school because the church was not then completed. The building was packed and many more stood out in the yard in the cold winter weather. Tears streamed down the cheeks of many of his friends. Elder W. W. Carver, a powerful preacher, gave the final tribute.

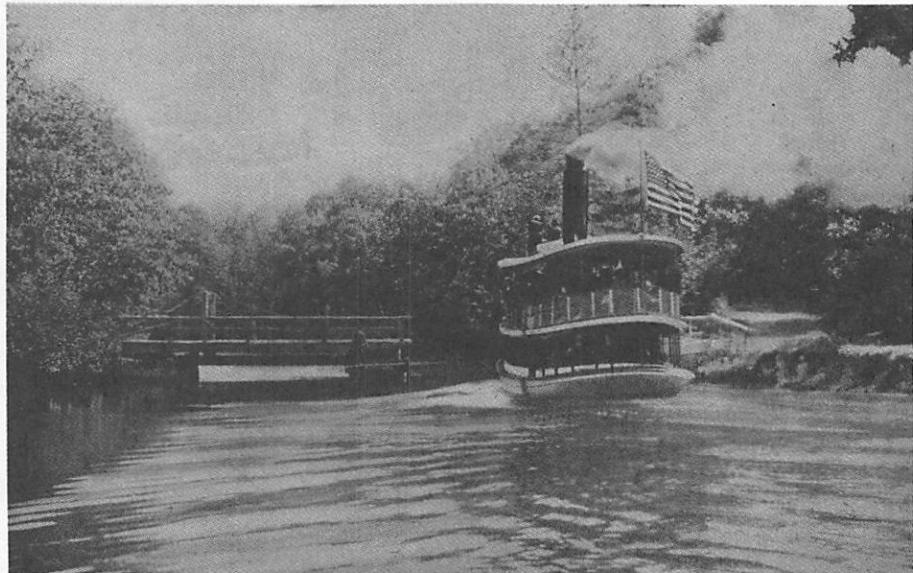
He is buried in the local cemetery and is undoubtedly somewhere nearby "living on pumpkin pie."

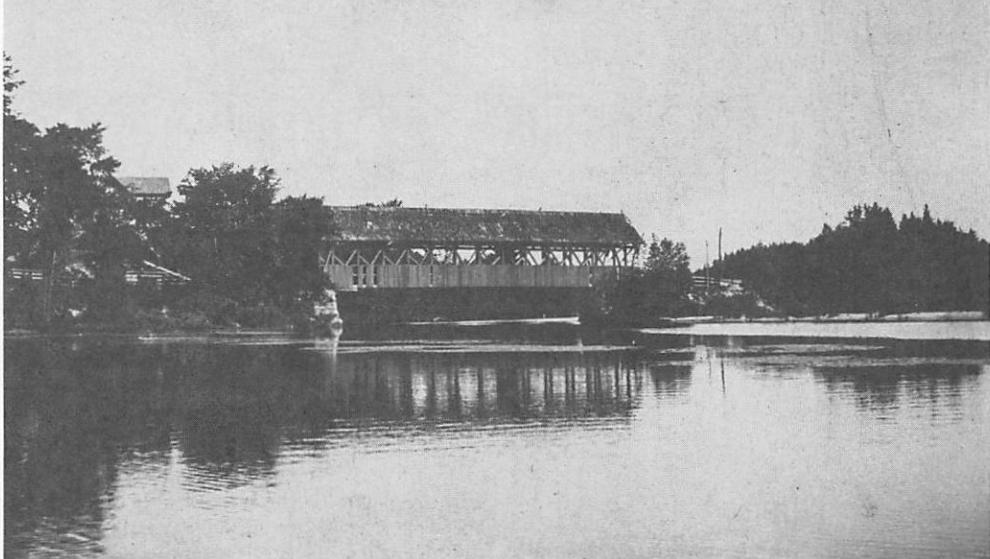


*Labbie lives in Bethel and writes for several publications, including The Lewiston Journal.*

## Can You Place It?

Thelma Conant of South Paris not only recognized the June *Can You Place It?* as the Park Street Covered Bridge (see story on the next page) but she sent along a lovely color picture of the bridge which was taken from a handpainted tray. Mrs. Flora Webster submitted the original picture.





*old Park Street Covered Bridge*

Set me in a house by a covered bridge,  
where I can hear the klippity-klop of horses'  
feet.

Few people in the Oxford County area  
know that Park Street, South Paris used to  
pass through a sturdy, well-weathered  
covered bridge.

This bridge was built in 1853, in the Howe  
Truss design. The heavy timbers were  
fastened together with "tree-nails"  
(trunnels)—oak pegs  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x 15" driven into  
auger-made holes.

The gable ends of the bridge were  
decorated with vivid-colored placards,  
advertising Johnson's Linament, True's Pin-  
worm Elixir, Quaker Oats, and Smith  
Brothers Cough Drops.

The sides of the bridge were boarded part-  
way up, leaving open spaces for light and  
snow to filter in. Not enough snow came in  
for the winter loads of logs for Paris  
Manufacturing Company and S. S. Billings'  
Saw Mill. It took a lot of hollering and  
whiplashing to get the heavy loads through.

All travelling north had to pass through  
this bridge, so when Oxford County Court  
was in session on Paris Hill, there was much  
sound of horses' hooves on the floorboards  
of the bridge.

Spring freshets always cause much  
damage along Maine rivers, and "Little  
Andy" has often demonstrated its  
independence by cutting "cross lots,"  
crossing the main road where O. K. Clifford

Garage and the Paris Utility District office  
building are now located, going over the field  
and the island to rejoin the main river.

One year, when the Little Androscoggin  
was cutting cross lots, the village doctor was  
called to go out of town. Old Doc Rounds  
(aged 54 years), as he was lovingly called,  
went. When he came to this rushing river, he  
stood up on the seat of the covered buggy  
and guided his faithful horses to firm  
ground, minus his valuable medicine case  
full of those nasty-tasting medicines.  
Several months later the ruined case was  
found in mud on The Island.

The first three days of March, 1896, it  
rained continuously. This large amount of  
rain and heavy covering of winter's snow  
raised havoc along Maine's rivers, and Little  
Andy quickly entered the race for  
the Atlantic. The river ice was still very  
thick, but it had to yield to the water  
pressure. Huge sheets of heavy ice pushed  
by the turbulent waters piled up against  
bridge abutments. Finally the bridge moved  
several inches off the damaged foundations.

On March 16, Park Street Bridge was  
closed to traffic. Early in July the top  
structure of the bridge was torn down,  
and the floor lowered to water level so  
pedestrians could cross the river on it. □

*Flora Webster  
South Paris*

# Recollections

## Maine Is Forever

by Inez Farrington

Nature has her secrets in Maine as in all other states.  
July is the perfect month to study these secrets and find new ones...

### Part VII

#### JULY

This is the time when rural districts, small towns, and all isolated lakes and ponds are filled with life, action, sports, and excitement. Maine is far different in July from the cold, sleepy state it is in January. Noise and happy laughter sound from all the camps that have been waiting through the long months for their families. The lakes are the gathering place for the youngsters and their parents, for the cold Maine waters are a delight on hot July days. These are long delightful days when the twilight lingers on until nine o'clock. These are days full of sports, fun, and rest, of mountain climbing, swimming, tennis, golf, fishing, and, for the less energetic, just sitting on the porch napping.

This is the month of thunderstorms, with a beauty of their own. I am not the kind who can sit on the porch and play bridge through a heavy storm, but I cannot resist watching it. About noon on a scorching hot day clouds like giant popcorn will begin to pile up in the western sky. All afternoon they will roll higher and higher, coming to a climax about the time Maine ladies start their supper. It means we have very little supper, for I lose my appetite and willingness to stand over a stove, since someone once told me lightning was liable to strike chimneys. Frightened as I am, I dodge in and out from kitchen to porch for I must see this display. Maine people learn to fear and respect lightning, as it does far more damage in the country than in cities. It is common to read and see movies of people who get caught unexpectedly in thunderstorms, but you can be sure they are not Maine folks. It is not that we are afraid the lightning bolt has marked us as a personal target but we do fear for our homes

and the cattle in the pastures. If our homes are struck and burned, we cannot move to a new location; we have to stay and rebuild.

When you meet a man on the street who seems to be holding his head high and not noticing you it is not because he is unfriendly or aloof. He is thinking as he watches the clouds that the lower field of hay must go in, that the young turkeys must not get wet, and that he believes he left the north window open this morning. That is the reason you just get a nod and think how rude Maine folks are.

We learn to fear lightning for the strange things it can do. A farmer in Lovell once gave up plowing and went in the house, telling his wife, "That field is so rough God Almighty couldn't plow it." That afternoon a terrific thunderstorm came up and when the farmer returned to work the next morning the field lay in furrows plowed by the lightning, but it is said that nothing would ever grow there again. And in a small Maine town three young men were sitting on a couch when lightning came in on the wires. It completely destroyed the couch but left the fellows unharmed. The old adage that lightning never strikes twice in the same place lost its comfort for us when the spool mill at Waterford was struck twice and the fires extinguished, only to have it struck again and burned. Needless to say, the mill was never rebuilt on that spot.

Maine folks do not speak of thunderstorms; they are called "showers." One neighbor says to the other, "We will get showers today," and the other replies, "No. I think they will go around," which leaves strangers wondering just what they are talking about. Storms will follow a large lake or river, and being protected as we are by the Androscoggin River and Five Kezar Lakes

we mean the storm will go around us, not around and around in the sky as outsiders might think. Maine has very few severe thunderstorms, one more reason why I like the state, for anyone who fears lightning as I do knows it is not a comfortable feeling to get an egg beater in your stomach at the first roll of thunder and have one knee say to the other, "Let's get together."

It is hard to find a place lonesome enough so that it has not been chosen as a camp or cottage site. Only large farms and hotels use their name on their butter paper and stationery, but every camp has one. There are names like Onarock, Trail's End, Rest a Mite, Dew Drop Inn, and even Dun Rovin and God's Little Acre. My chief desire in life is to own a summer cottage and I already have it named. It will be



called Half-a-Loaf, for I know I will still have to get meals, sew on buttons, help with the children's homework, answer questions, and let the dog in and out. It will never be a chance for all rest and just loafing.

My camp will be different in many ways from the regulation ones. I shall have it on a lake shore, of course, but first I shall clear out the bushes so I can see the lake. When I look out the window I do not want to look into a thicket full of caterpillars, and I want to be able to know I am near a lake. My cottage will be where I can see a road that goes some place, instead of ending in my yard. I will want to see at least the roof of the next cottage, for I cannot live entirely alone and like it.

My camp will be a humble one compared to many in Maine, but I shall learn to love it and call it home. I shall have kerosene lamps and candles. I can still remember how to get them

going and I want only soft light on cool summer evenings. I shall go down to the spring when I need water, bring it up in a pail, cold and sparkling, and then use it very sparingly. I shall love the moon glistening on the lake as it comes over the hill, and the still nights when the deer come down to drink the clear water. I shall have no antiques or mounted deer heads to collect dust, but there

may be some on the floors and table; for in the dream-cottage of mine I shall have a nap every afternoon and spend all my spare time sitting on the porch with no worries and show everyone how to enjoy a vacation and get really rested!

The flower gardens at my camp will vary from the usual display of summer flowers. I shall let the blueberry bushes grow near to the house where they will furnish green

foliage in spring and the bright blue berries in summer that will provide luscious pies for dessert. The lady's slippers and bobolinks will roam at will over my tiny estate and the bashful woods violets, finding that no harm will come to them, will creep nearer and nearer to my back door.

Vacations spent at my cottage will not be of the usual order, for I shall not go mountain climbing, golfing, playing tennis, or swimming. Of course, July is a perfect month for swimming and everyone is expected to at least imitate the sport—but when you neither swim nor look charming in a bathing suit, you have the feeling that folks are wondering why you are there. The lake is everyone's bath tub during July so there is no use in waiting for the chance to use it alone. While everyone in the family makes a rush for the lake, I sit on a rock and cool my feet in the water and let the audience see how I look in my out-of-date bathing suit. I

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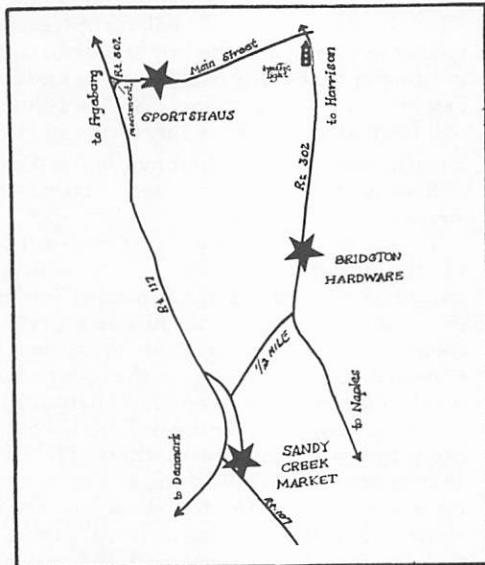
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do not trouble anyone, since I use very little of the water. As I wade timidly out to my waist I break out all over with goose pimples and in a few minutes I retire to my sun-warmed rock, with a towel wrapped around me. I watch the sunset and the thunderclouds rolling up like gigantic castles and strange-looking monsters. I constantly count heads in the water, "One, two, three, four." I cry, "Lois, don't do that!" and "Come back this minute, Jan!" I shout, "Ken, don't splash her!" and "Glen, you are out too far!" A peal of thunder really puts me in a tizzy. Frantically I corral the children, adding, in all the excitement, one of the neighbors, and run home cold and frightened, wondering why folks think swimming is fun.

July is the time of year when Route 5 becomes a busy highway. This route, which starts at Old Orchard, winds lazily through valleys, hills, and scenic country. After leaving Saco it finishes with cities and passes through such towns as Waterboro, Brownfield, Fryeburg, the three Lovells (famed for the beauty of Kezar Lake), and so reaches my home town, eighty miles from its starting point. It goes on through Bethel, Andover, Rumford Point, and comes to an end at South Arm, one hundred and thirty two miles from Old Orchard. Well-tarred and placid, today it barely resembles its deep-rutted dusty youth.

The road was not built by money alone. It cost many weeks of planning, months of work under a hot sun, hours spent in repairs on trucks that broke down under the strain, and it took its toll of human life when a friend was killed by a falling rock. It was not built in a day or a year, for some of this road was the old-time corduroy road of logs. Grass grew in the middle between the wagon wheel ruts and hills were paved with mill shavings.

Thieves, doctors, murderers, congressmen, and people from all walks of life have passed over the road. It was the scene of a wedding that gave the bride and groom a long, happy life together. The engaged couple were out buggy riding when they met the justice of the peace walking down the road. "Hello, Bert," said the prospective groom. "Would you marry us?" "Sure," replied the authority, "just hold hands." Sitting in the buggy beside the lake, the couple were united in the bonds of matrimony and finished the ride for the wedding trip.

Ours being the place where broken-down cars come for aid, it was no surprise to young Lois, at home alone, when a nice-looking young man called to ask if we had any second-hand tires for sale. Lois was helpful, finally giving him some discarded ones to help him out—only to learn a few hours later that his tires had been shot from the car by the sheriff, as the only way to halt a dangerous character.

Different governors of the state have traveled this road on campaign tours; Rudy Vallee has not only been over it in a car for week-ends throughout July, but has flown over it many times in a plane; Alice Faye is another person who knows this route.

We who live here the year around know where every bump is and how hot the long stretches are to walk in the summer. We know what it is to walk home from the store with our arms loaded with groceries; to watch anxious hours to see the doctor appear; to walk the long flat on a zero day, thinking how queer it was that our ears were warm when we were so cold, to find out when we reached home that they could easily have broken off and we would not

Page 66...

## THURLOW FURNITURE "Quality Since 1946"



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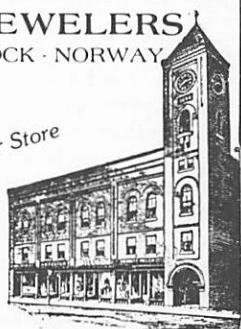
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### Is Maine "Down East"?

Actually, it's not any special place. In the early years of our country, no one traveled to Maine by land if it were possible to travel by water. There were streams to cross; Indian trails were the only "roads," with many of the Indians not friendly. So people went by sailing vessels. Since the prevailing winds come out of the West, one was sailing "down wind." One was, therefore, sailing "Down East."

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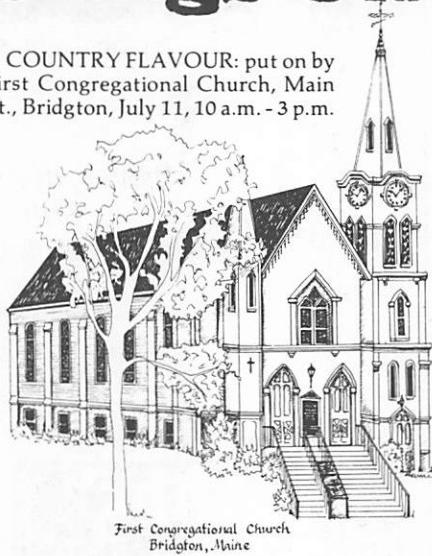
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# Goings On

COUNTRY FLAVOUR: put on by First Congregational Church, Main St., Bridgton, July 11, 10 a.m. - 3 p.m.



SUMMER SALE: at the First Universalist Church on Pine Street in South Paris, July 21, 10 a.m. - 3 p.m. Handcrafts, gourmet delights, white elephants, things that grow, beverages & goodies.

## ART

WESTERN MAINE ART GROUP EXHIBITS: Through July 8—18th Annual Members' Show; July 10-29—Oriental Art, Past & Present from collection of Gizela Gawronski; July 14—8th Annual Sidewalk Art Show, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. (Rain date July 21); July 31-Aug. 12—American Folk Art from collection of Richard G. Durnin.

FOURTH ANNUAL ARTISTS & ARTISANS FAIR: Sat., Aug. 18, 11 a.m.-4 p.m. at the Lovell Library & Old Village School.

## FAIRS

COUNTRY MALL 1979: sponsored by The Women's Fellowship of the Second Congregational Church, Norway, Weds., July 11, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Old-fashioned craft fair with food to eat or take home, gift articles, old treasures, clowns. Harmon's Fried Clam Supper at 5:30.

SUMMER GIFT FAIR: at First Congregational Church, South Paris, July 18 from 10 a.m. on. Hand-made gift items, jellied & chicken salad luncheon with strawberry shortcake.

THE MARKETPLACE: Annual Summer Sale & Supper sponsored by The Ladies Circle of the First Universalist Church of Norway, Aug. 4, 10:30-4:30. Supper 5:30-6:30 at the church on Main St. Sale of handcrafts, knitted articles, pillows, toys, candy, jelly, pastries, white elephants, wishing well, Lucky Food Basket, collectibles, jugs, wicker, trunks, books, dishes & frames.

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## BETHEL'S MOLYOCKETT DAY FESTIVAL IN '79

Bethel's Festival for Charity, which commemorates the Indian woman who befriended the early settlers of Bethel, is July 21 & 22, sponsored by the Bethel Lions Club (Gene Kelly, program chairman), and Bethel Rotary Club, as principal co-sponsor.

A festival of the western mountain Mainer, it features competitions in logging, jogging, biking, skateboarding, and field events, as well as arts and crafts.

### Schedule

#### *Saturday July 21*

Bicycle Race for young people - 9:00 a.m.  
(Registration 8:30 - 9:00 at Casco Bank)

Parade with Floats on the theme "International Year of the Child", beginning at Mechanic & Railroad Sts. at 10:30 and winding up Main St. to Gould Academy Athletic Field.

Booths open on the Common 11 a.m.  
Skateboard competition 11:45 a.m., Main Street (Pete Kailey)

Amateur Woodsmen Competition: Tree Felling, Bucksawing, Wood Splitting,



*Phil Rolfe (l) and Bob Chadbourne (r) discuss the selection of logs for a log home with the prospective builder*

Cross Cut, Log Ripping & Log Rolling, Log Throwing, Totem Pole Cutting events, sponsored by Bethel Rotary on the Common - 12:00 noon

Chicken Barbeque sponsored by Rotary from noon on

Continuous Game Party at Fire Station - all afternoon

Parade Prizes Awarded - 2:00 p.m.

Fashion Show presented by The Cellar, Main St. - 2:00 p.m.

Raffle drawing all during the day

Arts & Crafts, Food, Games available all afternoon in the booths

Field Day events for children sponsored by Bethel Volunteer Fire Department

Fireworks - 9:00 p.m., sponsored by Lions Club, Rotary, Chamber of Commerce, Bethel Inn

#### *Sunday, July 22*

Road Race - 10,000 meter run - 10 a.m.

Booths open on the Common

Auction Sale on the Common sponsored by the Rotary Club.

### The Woodsmen's Contest: Pride in Everyday Skills

Competition among Bethel's loggers has turned Mollyockett Day's woodsmen's contest into a central attraction. The contest as the woodsmen see it is a matter of pride, skill, fun, and a chance to compete with friends one seldom sees while working.

Phil Rolfe of Bethel has been working for the P. H. Chadbourne Company for four years and as a logger for 11 years. He was a competitor in 1978 for just those reasons mentioned above. But even beyond the Mollyockett Day events, Phil likes his career in our forests and plans to continue in an occupation that gives him a sense of accomplishment.

Phil and Bob Chadbourne, who is in charge of the company's woodland operations, have the same goal in mind as far as logging operations are concerned: they are proud to leave behind a well-improved stand of timber for the future, as well as provide logs for the mill. Bob is also a firm believer in multiple use of woodlands and sees the woodsmen's contest as further evidence of the fact that logs provide entertainment, recreation, furniture and, through funds raised by this event, community health and child care benefits in the true Mollyockett tradition.

*Don Bennett*

## STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL

Bethel's 132-year old Congregational Church has been the location of the annual Strawberry Festival for 30 years. This year fresh berries, shortcakes and pies will be served on July 12.

Mrs. Gertrude Hutchins has been a mainstay of the festival since she was instrumental in starting it in 1949. Following is a profile of Mrs. Hutchins.

### From Maple Sugar To Strawberries

Each generation has its own particular sweet tooth. More than 30 years ago, it seems to me that the big eating event of the Bethel area was the "Sugar Eat" at the Bear River Grange Hall at Newry Corner. But starting that year, the seed of a new festival began to sprout from the inspiration of one of Bethel's (at that time) newcomers—a real "foreigner" even though she had married a Bethel boy. Gertrude Hutchins is the one, everyone says.

The festival has lots more than strawberries now but strawberries are what people line up for. All the other attractions like cheese, pastries, crafts and flower arrangements must wait until the year-long craving for berries, shortcakes and pies has been satisfied. First things first.

Gertrude ceased being a foreigner in Bethel decades ago. She, perhaps more than anyone else, is looking forward to this year's festival. Thirty years is a long time, but friends, strawberries, and reunions are what festivals are all about.

Don Bennett

*Gertrude Hutchins at her strawberry garden*



1977 "Princess Mollyockett"



Events from 1977 Mollyockett Day Celebration



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## The BRASS BUCKLE

# Mollyockett's Medicine

Mollyockett is as famous for her medicinal powers as she is for the heroic feats which she performed for some of the area's earliest settlers. The Indian Princess—who is honored annually at Bethel Mollyockett Days, scheduled this year for the third weekend in July—served as one of the first local traveling doctors. Her strapping frame, topped by a distinctive pointed hat, was a familiar sight along her favorite traveling route from Andover to Paris Hill. Legend has it that she was responsible for nursing the tiny baby, Hannibal Hamlin, through a near-fatal illness while a chance visitor at his home on Paris Hill. Hamlin recovered and grew up to become Vice-President of the United States under Abraham Lincoln.

No one knows for sure what the versatile Indian prescribed for the Hamlin baby or, in fact, what ailed him to begin with, but an examination of the treatments available at the time makes for an intriguing reading as the Indian legend itself. The cures which Mollockett relied upon were gradually incorporated into a series of elaborate home remedies which were practiced by those not fortunate enough to have a traveling physician on hand when sickness struck, and which were eventually chronicled in many of the early cookbooks. Some examples:

## Bread and Milk Poultice

Put a tablespoon of the crumbs of stale bread into a gill\* of milk, and give the whole one boil up. Or, take stale bread crumbs, pour over them boiling water, and boil till soft, stirring well; take from the fire and gradually stir in a little glycerine or sweet oil, so as to render the poultice pliable when applied.

## A Hop Poultice\*\*

Boil one handful of dried hops in a half a pint of water until the half pint is reduced to a gill, then stir into it enough Indian meal to thicken it.

\*1 gill = 1/2 cup

\*\*For more on hop-growing in Maine, see page 70

## For Sick Headache

Lay a cold wet cloth on the stomach with a dry flannel over it, put the feet into hot mustard water, and swallow a few spoonfuls of lemon juice.

## For Cold In The Head

As soon as you feel that you have a cold in the head, put a teaspoonful of sugar in a goblet, and on it put six drops of camphor, stir it, and fill the glass half-full of water; stir, till the sugar is dissolved, then take a dessert-spoonful every twenty minutes. This is a sure cure if taken as directed. If you have a cold "hanging on," which is not very bad, a liberal drink of cold water just before going to bed and extra bedclothes is good without medicine. What you do, do well.

## Croup

Croup, it is said, can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or a grater, and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice its amount of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow...or warm a teaspoon with a little lard in it, or goose grease; thicken it with sugar, and give it to the child; it may produce vomiting, which is always desirable, thus breaking up the membrane that is forming. Apply lard or goose grease to throat and chest, with raw cotton or flannel. Care should be taken, removing only a small piece at a time of these extra wraps to prevent taking cold.

## Growing Pains Cured

Wring a towel from salted water, wrap the limb in it from ankle to knee, without taking the child from his bed, and then swathe with dry flannels, thick and warm, tucking the blankets about him a little closer, and relief is sure.

### *Earache*

Place a little cotton-wool, saturated with chloroform, in a new clay pipe; insert the stem of the pipe in the patient's ear, close the lips over the bowl of the pipe, and blow gently. The evaporating chloroform will relieve the pain immediately. Warm poultices, or a drop of warm olive oil, mixed with a like amount of laudanum, dropped into the ear, may also be used.

### *Ringworm*

A very simple, yet effective manner of curing ringworm, is to place on the affected part, for a short time every night, a copper coin which has remained for some time in vinegar, and is still wet with the liquid. It is also well to bathe the ringworm with a solution of two grains of iodide of potash in one ounce of water.

### *Boils*

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw off the matter, and will relieve the soreness in a few hours, or flaxseed meal poultices applied as hot as can

be borne are very good.

### *Worms*

A nice dish of boiled onions for supper once a week is one of the best medicines for keeping children free from worms.

### *Blackberry Cordial for Diarrhoea or Dysentery*

Warm and squeeze the berries; add to one pint of juice one pound of white sugar, one-half ounce of powdered cinnamon; one-fourth ounce of mace, and two teaspoonfuls of cloves. Boil all together for one-fourth of an hour, strain the syrup, and to each pint add one glass of French brandy. Dose: one tablespoon for an adult and one teaspoonful for a child.

### *For Sore Throat*

Cut slices of salt pork or fat bacon; let simmer a few moments in hot vinegar, and apply to throat as hot as possible. (Ed. Note: inside or outside, we wonder?) When this is taken off, as the throat is relieved, put around a bandage of soft flannel. A gargle of equal parts of borax and alum, dissolved in water, is also excellent. To be used frequently, or use as a remedy one ounce of camphorated oil and five cents worth of

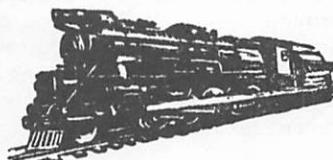
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chlorate of potash. Put the potash in a half a tumbler of water, and with it gargle the throat thoroughly, then rub the neck thoroughly with the camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and pin around the throat a small strip of woolen flannel. A flannel dipped in boiling water, and sprinkled with turpentine, laid on the chest as quickly as possible, will relieve the most severe cold or hoarseness.

#### *Ivy Poisoning*

A simple and effective remedy for ivy poisoning is said to be sweet spirits of nitre. Bathe the affected parts two or three times during the day, and the next morning scarcely any trace of the poison will remain.

#### *Antidotes for Poisons*

If any poison is swallowed, drink at once a half glass of warm water with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard. This causes vomiting as soon as it reaches the stomach; then swallow the white of one or two eggs or drink a cup of strong coffee. For ammonia, give vinegar freely. For zinc, give white of eggs and sweet milk. For

laudanum, give an emetic of mustard and water. For alcohol, give common salt, moderately. For arsenic, give magnesia in large draughts. For insects taken in the stomach, given small quantities of salt and vinegar. For bite of insects, apply ammonia freely. For bite of serpent or mad-dog, apply fire in some form to the wound, thoroughly and immediately.



These remedies were very useful to people who sometimes lived miles away from doctors, or even neighbors. Of course, **BitterSweet** does not recommend them. We print them merely for your entertainment. □

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Strawberry shortcake ranks with apple pie as a favorite New England dessert. I don't mean the imitation shortcake made with sponge cake from the baker's—I mean real old-fashioned shortcake. At least for the Fourth of July, make one old-fashioned shortcake complete with real whipped cream.

## SUMMER IS FOR STRAWBERRIES

by Lucretia Douglas

# Homemade



### STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

2 cups all-purpose flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
	1 egg, beaten
2 tsp. baking powder	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup oleo
$\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt	milk

Sift dry ingredients together. Work in oleo until texture of coarse sand. Beat egg, add enough milk to make a medium soft dough. Roll out on floured board from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1" thick, according to your preference. Cut out with biscuit cutter. Bake in 425°F oven for about 10 minutes until browned on top—do not overbake.

Meanwhile hull and wash a quart of fresh strawberries. Mash coarsely and sugar to taste. Reserve a few whole berries.

Split and butter lightly the baked shortcakes. Spoon mashed berries between layers and on top. Serve warm with a big dollop of real whipped cream. Decorate with whole berries.

### FRESH STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

Heat 2 qts. milk in top of a large double boiler or heavy saucepan. Put in bowl:

2 cups sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
2 Tbsp. flour

Moisten with enough evaporated milk to make a thin paste. Stir into scalding milk and cook and stir for about twenty minutes until flour is cooked. Mixture should be the consistency of thin gravy. Remove from heat and add 3 large eggs, well beaten.

Mix well. Let cool and then chill until ice-cold. Add one pint medium or heavy cream and 1 quart of strawberries that have been mashed and sweetened to taste. Freeze immediately in 2 quart-size hand crank or electric freezer.

Quite by accident I discovered my now-famous strawberry pie. It can also be served as a mold.

### STRAWBERRY PIE

Use either a baked pastry pie shell or graham cracker pie shell—makes a deep 10" pie.

1 large (6 oz.) pkg. strawberry jello  
1 pkg. frozen strawberries (sweetened)  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar (or more to taste)  
pinch salt  
1 small (4 oz.) container Cool Whip  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pt. container heavy cream

Whip and sweeten cream with the sugar and salt. Dissolve jello in 1 cup rapidly boiling water. Stir in frozen berries, reserving about 5 whole ones for the top of pie. Stir until jello starts to thicken. (Using frozen berries instead of fresh speeds up the thickening process.) Stir in the Cool Whip and about half the whipped cream. Blend well. Pour into pie shell and top with remaining whipped cream and reserved berries. Chill several hours or overnight. You can also mold this strawberry filling. Rinse mold with cold water, fill and set overnight. Decorate with whipped cream and berries.

### FRESH STRAWBERRY SHERBET

4 qts. hulled, sliced fresh strawberries  
4 cups sugar                     $\frac{2}{3}$  cup orange juice  
2  $\frac{2}{3}$  cups milk                     $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp. cinnamon

Mix berries and sugar, let stand 1 1/2 hours. Mash or puree in blender. I prefer to strain out the seeds.

Add milk, juice, and cinnamon. Mix well. Freeze in 2 quart-size electric or crank freezer. Makes one gallon, stores about a month in the freezer.

The only kind of strawberry jam I make now is the no-cook kind. It is so easy and so much fresher tasting.

### FREEZER STRAWBERRY JAM

1 qt. fully ripe strawberries,  
completely crushed  
4 cups sugar  
2 Tbsp. lemon juice (1 lemon)  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  bottle Certo

Mix berries and sugar, let stand 10 minutes. Mix Certo and lemon juice in small bowl. Stir into berries and stir for 3 minutes. Pour into containers, cover with tight lids and let stand at room temperature for 24 hours. Then store in freezer (or it will keep up to 3 weeks in refrigerator).

I use empty Cool Whip containers to freeze my jam in. Oleo tubs could be used also.

□

Mrs. Douglas lives in Baldwin and frequently shares her best recipes and household tips with us.

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### MAINE MOUNTAIN SUNSET

The orange-yellow sun drops behind Jewett Mountain;  
Snow, hills and sky take on a rosy glow.  
White clouds are tinted rose and lavender;  
Long, dusky shadows stretch, eastward sky  
is incredibly blue.  
With a final, fond glint, the sun bids "good  
evening,"  
Dips away, and slowly subdues its  
brilliant hues.

Sylvia Fanning  
North Waterford

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...Page 28      Goings On

### FOOD

SPAGHETTI SUPPER & CONTRA DANCE: sponsored by Fare Share Co-op Store, July 14, 6 p.m., Norway Legion Hall. No Name Yet Band following. Admission: Supper only Adults \$2.00. Dance 50¢ additional. Children: \$1.00 for supper and dance combined. Two kinds of spaghetti, meat and meatless sauce, salads, special dessert.

SUMMER BREAKFASTS: put on by Calvary Community Church, Harrison on July 11, 25, Aug. 8, 22 (all Weds. mornings) 8-10 a.m. Adults \$1.75, Children \$1.25.

FARE SHARE CO-OP STORE: Natural, whole foods, low prices, membership-run. New location at 62 High Street, South Paris. New hours: Thurs. 2-8, Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-5.

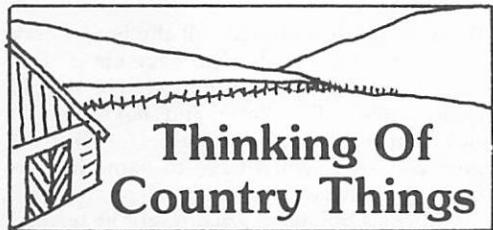
### THE BEAN HOLE BEAN FESTIVAL— Always The Last Saturday In July

Sponsored by the Oxford Hills Chamber of Commerce, this world famous feast of beans cooked in iron kettles in the ground, brown bread, hot dogs, pickles, beverages and dessert, will this year take place on July 28. Every year the dedicated members of the Chamber of Commerce spend two days preparing the hardwood-fired pits, soaking over 1000 pounds of red kidney and pea beans and taking care of all the other preparations to cook the beans under ground for 24 hours and feed over 3,000 people who come from all over the country for the Bean Hole Bean Festival. This Oxford Hills tradition has been taking place over the past two decades and lately has been accompanied by the Kiwanis Auction and various and sundry other exciting events. It's a day-long celebration at the Oxford County Fairgrounds, always the last Saturday in July.



*Preparing to lower a kettle into the bean-hole*

For more about the baked bean tradition in New England, read the article on the next page.



## Thinking Of Country Things

by John Meader

### A SHORT, INCOMPLETE HISTORY OF BAKED BEANS

July brings with it the Oxford Hills Bean Hole Bean Festival. I can't think of anything as characteristically Yankee as baked beans. Yes, Yankees are considered independent and thrifty and inventive. But isn't this true of beans as well?

Yankees of course didn't develop the baking bean. The type of bean we bake and stew, or shell out for fresh, was present in America long before Columbus.

The beans we bake, as well as the lima-types, apparently originated in South America (Peru, perhaps) or Central America, and then spread northward. When John Cabot visited the Maine coast in 1601 he reported seeing the cranberry bean (a small, dark red variety) climbing among the stalks of Indian corn.

Early settlers in Maine found large corn fields in Canton and Rumford Point. Beans were planted here as well. Along with pumpkins and corn, they formed a substantial part of the native diet.

The Indians and then the Yankees (to simplify history rather sharply) recognized a good thing. The bean is after all one of the few good protein and starch sources that will store through both hot weather and cold without special measures to preserve it. Potatoes, once frozen, are not very palatable. Untreated meat won't stand many warm days.

Not all beans, however, are native to America. The Mung Bean, for example, apparently originated in the Orient. The Soy Bean also seems to derive from the Old World.

And not all beans have been esteemed. The phrase "not worth a bean" recurs throughout Chaucer. But the reference here must be to the Fava bean, also known as broad or horse bean.

The Fava bean is a coarse thing and has

served as forage crop mainly. Doubtless the horses that pulled Caesar's chariot munched on broad beans. Greeks and Romans both used the bean in elections: a white bean dropped in the box was a vote in the affirmative; a black bean counted as a vote opposed. This tradition carried to the New World, although doubtless the bean species changed. Early balloting in the Massachusetts Bay colony also used beans.

I don't know the antiquity of baked beans as we cook them, but one can hazard a guess that baked beans date back to the general availability of molasses. That in turn probably falls within the late sixteenth century, by which time the Spanish had developed extensive sugar cane plantations in the Caribbean and sections of Central and South America.

It may well be that the invention, if we may call it that, of baked beans must be credited to the Old World. The bean apparently reached Europe in the 1500's and the French and Italians soon added it to their cuisine, stewing it with pork and herbs.

On the other hand, early colonialists observed squaws of the Narragansett and Penobscot tribes baking beans in pots buried in pits lined with coals. Quite probably this is the origin of the New England practice of preparing bean-hole beans. These beans, as prepared by the Indians, were cooked with maple syrup.

As for the antiquity of bean-feasts, or festivals, the tradition in Britain at least dates back to King George the Third (ruler from 1760 to 1820) who ate beans cooked with bacon while visiting a military construction site just outside of London. He liked the meal so well he ordered that an annual bean feast be held to commemorate the event. The tradition lasted into the 19th century (and may still endure, for all I know), with employers treating their employees to an annual bean feast.

The baked bean, however, is closely associated in one's thinking with New England, and rightfully so. It formed a staple in the diet of the early colonialists. The practice of Saturday night beans apparently dates from this period. Puritan decree forbade work on Sundays. Therefore, beans were baked throughout Saturday to provide a meal on Sunday. But Saturday night, it would seem, everyone had a taste, and then the pot went back in the oven to keep warm over night.

And as for "bean feasts" such as the Bean Hole Bean Festival, the tradition goes back at least a hundred years to the river drives of the northwoods lumber crews, and probably even further. Many a trail traveler knew the advantage of building pits in which to put a bed of coals; food could be buried in sand and cook all day, even in rain, while hunters looked for game.

The varieties most frequently used in baking these days are Kidney, Pea (both used at the Bean Hole Bean Festival), Yellow-eye, Jacob's Cattle (or Trout), and Soldier. All have been known for a hundred years or more, but have undergone some modification.

The Yellow-eye commonly grown today is an improved strain selected out, or developed, at the Highmoor Farm agricultural station in Monmouth. The improved strain is larger than some other Yellow-eye types, and the yellow eye (from whence the name) is more pronounced, almost taking the shape of a soldier. Some of the earlier Yellow-eye strains had merely a single dot of yellow at the hilum (the scar where seed attaches to pod); or two dots, one on each side.

There are several strains of Jacob's Cattle as well; one having black markings and the other a more common one (I think), having red. Bean strains, however, tend to be rather constant, since the bean self-pollinates, unlike squashes which cross-pollinate and hybridize freely.

I have a strain of Soldier Bean that's been in the family for perhaps sixty years. Chucky brought it along with him when he came to work for my grandfather as hired man, going to that trouble because he thought it made the best baked beans. Its cooking quality is excellent and, because of this, Chucky's Soldier was maintained by my father and passed on to me.

The question of bean-names is a fraught one. "Chucky's Soldier" is all right as long as we don't drop the "Soldier" and start calling it "Chucky." Allow me to illustrate:

Last winter I was talking beans with some folks down in Edgecomb. They had a pole type that bore flat blue pods and were happy to give me seed since I'd never seen this variety. The name? Well, they called it Rufus Bean, because it was given them by the local mail carrier, named Rufus. Did Rufus call it by another name? No, he didn't know any proper name, so he called it State of Maine

Bean. Suppose I should call the bean Perry Bean after the people who gave me it? But from their description it may well be the old type known as Blue Peter, and that's what I'll call it, at least until I know better. But if I give you seed, you'll have to name it John Bean and where'll we be then?

Chucky's Soldier is what might be termed an heirloom variety and there are quite a number of others. Locally, there's a horticultural type (that is, beige with red splashings), rather large-seeded and long-seasoned that's been grown for three or four generations by some families.

The white kidney type I have comes from the Yates family down in New Hampshire. Mr. Yates thought he'd lost the strain. But he'd given some to my father who passed seed of it on to his cousin who raised a stack of it and stored it in one of the haymows at the homestead. Remembering this, my father swept up the chaff in the mow and in it found white kidneys.

Beans often come with a story attached, as with the Yates' white kidney and Chucky's Soldier. From time to time one encounters a Wild Goose Bean (not to be confused with the Wild Goose Chase, or maybe so). In this instance the story goes that so-and-so shot a wild goose and found this bean in its crop. The Wild Goose Bean that I have, and I'm sure there are others, is fairly small, black with off-white markings.

But the story rather bothers me. Beans don't grow in the wild, so presumably the goose was eating cultivated beans somewhere, perhaps in a field which had already been harvested to leave scatterings for the goose to glean. So the bean wasn't a novelty, except to the guy who shot the goose. Farmer Brown, the next town over, was raising them by the bushel. And called them State of Maine Bean, doubtless. The goose had nothing to do with the bean's origin, merely the name change. Unless...

Unless the goose happened to gobble up a chance variation, a random hybrid. But the odds are extremely remote that this would occur. Suppose the guy who shot the bird planted the found seed of the chance hybrid and kept all the seed that looked like it from that planting and planted those, and so forth, for seven or more plantings...well, by then he'd have something pretty unvarying and pretty much like those first few seeds prized out of the goose's crop, and I've got no right to complain about the wild goose story. One

never knows.

That's part of what makes beans so interesting. With so much to see and learn, one will never know the entire story. I have twenty or twenty-five different bean varieties and have seen lists claiming over a hundred (though some of these are merely different names for the same bean, as with the Perry-Rufus-State of Maine Bean).

And surely there are endless variations on the baking of beans, for families pass down bean recipes along with the favored bean strain. It all makes food for thought and for the table, feeding the inner person in all important ways.

P. S. I'd be glad to swap bean varieties with anyone having old family strains. Excepting maybe Wild Goose! □



Meader is a writer and farmer in Buckfield. He writes a continuing column on Country Things.

## BEANS INSTEAD

From the Oxford Hills Chamber of Commerce we found this nutritional comparison prepared by The National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council. Looking at the Recommended Dietary Allowance Chart, it is easy to see that beans make an excellent substitute for rice, potatoes, and spaghetti.

Navy beans supply about 40% of a Child's daily need of protein and about 30% of an adult's, as compared to 8%/7% from White Rice; 11%/8% from 1 large potato; and 20%/15% from Spaghetti. Vitamin B-6 is present in beans for 30% of a Child's daily need/19% of an adults. White Rice offers 6%/3%; Potato 30%/19%; and Spaghetti 3%/2% of B-6.

Children get 50%/men 50% and women 29% of necessary Iron from beans. The best that the others can give is 16% Iron for children and 9% for adults. Calcium is 12%/12% in navy beans; White Rice, Potato and Spaghetti all offer only 2%/2%. □

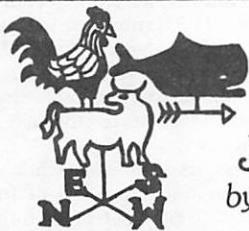
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## Jay's Journal by Jay Burns

### SUMMER STORMS

So you say that summer is here with softball, baseball, horseshoes? Well, I say summer is a boring season. I yearn for the northeasters, those blinding snowstorms and cold waves. Summer is devoid of any interesting weather phenomena. Oh, there are thunderstorms, but mostly summer is just day-after-day of sunny, warm weather. Who in their right mind can stand that? But we must endure the hardships of life, so with that thought I begin my column about July.

In the summer months during a period of hot and humid weather radiation fog (or "ground fog") is a common occurrence in the hours just after sunrise. Often we wake up to a foggy morning thinking a cloudy, showery day is in store, but we are quickly reminded that this condition is not permanent, as the sun breaks through at eleven o'clock.

Fog of this nature occurs on a clear, calm, humid night when, as the ground cools, the air just above the ground is cooled also. Since the air has a high water content, when it is cooled the dew point is reached, meaning that the air has reached its saturation point. At this point fog is visible.

July is usually the hottest month in the hills and lakes region. The saying "hot as the Fourth of July" does indeed have merit. Many stations record their hottest temperatures for the season during the first week of July. This is because the sun, although not at its highest point, is doing the most heating. Even though the days prior to July are longer the sun is still warming up the earth and it is not until July that the earth is totally warmed.

The weather map is probably the most boring during the month of July—no intense

storms are present. All we hear about are the terrific thunderstorms that plague the midwestern states during the summer. These are due to the fact that the geography of the midwest is mostly flat, rolling land. When a cooler air mass from Canada happens to move down from the north, it is able to move very fast since there are no mountains to impede its progress. As the air mass picks up speed, it pushes ahead and replaces warmer air. The faster the cold air replaces the warm air, the more active, in terms of thunderstorm occurrence, will be the cold front.

We rarely have severe thunderstorms because any cold air mass that moves down from Canada can't gain enough speed to produce any significant thunderstorms. Usually the air mass change makes itself noticed only by a brief thundershower and a change in wind direction and an accompanying rise in barometric pressure.

However, during the afternoon of July 4, 1974, the hills and lakes were blasted with a violent thunderstorm. After the wind and rain we travelled down into the village and were immediately stopped by a fallen maple tree. In Bridgton the destruction was awesome—in the Highland Lake park alone about ten large pine trees had been destroyed. At our house we recorded a maximum wind velocity of 45 mph and .80 inches of rain.

In the summer my father often says, "Rain before seven, clear before eleven." In light of what I have just told you, this saying has much truth to it. A summer shower often comes before dawn. Since the weather activity of the summer is limited to cold front activity, "clear before eleven" is a true forecast.

We often take summer trips to the ocean to escape the oppressive heat. The day may begin with high humidity and a south wind, so we pack up and skip down to the beach. But, to our surprise, the coast is coated with a veil of thick fog. How can this be?

It happens because, as I have told you, the day began with high humidity. Coastal waters may have been cooled by the remnants of the Labrador Current which originates far to the north. As the south wind hits the abnormally cool water, it is cooled to its dewpoint. The moisture-laden air quickly condenses into fog—a type called "advection fog."

# You don't say

## SMART BEAVERS

For many years there were no beavers living in southern Maine. Their favorite trees had been cut for firewood and their dams destroyed to improve the brookside meadows. So they retreated north to escape the people pollution.

However, in the 1940's a trend to the city developed and the farmlands began to go back to nature. The poplar trees returned to the meadows, the roar of the tractor subsided, and the bark of the farm dog was heard no more. And one day someone reported that a family of beavers had established a colony on Round Pond Brook.

I mentioned the report to Bill, an old-timer friend of mine, who had lived in the north country where beaver were said to abound.

My gambit unleashed a torrent of beaver information. Bill maintained that beavers were a very industrious lot. Some of them, I gathered, held at least an associate degree in engineering conferred by some celestial university.

This knowledge enabled them to locate their dams where they could attain the desired depth of water and acreage of pond with a minimum of dam construction. It was also the custom of any new group setting out on their own to have an elder foreman beaver go along with them to give the neophytes a hand with their construction. The beaver house would be built in the center of the pond with the floor above water level and the entrance well below the surface to keep out non-aquatic and unwanted visitors.

Bill also declared that it was the beavers' practice to cut masses of limbs for winter food and store them in the bottom of the pond. In order that this material would not rise to the surface and float away, they sucked the air out of it and made it sink.

Seeing my look of disbelief, he said, "By gosh, you get me up to that brook and I'll show you!"

So I did. We jeeped down a woods road to the Round Pond Brook and, as he put it, started up the brook "riding shank's mare." It was a warm July morning of blue sky and



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gentle breeze and the air was filled with the delicious odors of the summer woods. It was rough going but Bill, who was "pushing eighty pretty hard," as he called it, didn't seem to mind it at all.

We climbed up the ravine until the ground suddenly leveled off and we could see a sizeable break in the tree cover. Then we broke out of the underbrush. There it stood—a six-foot high, thirty-foot long masterpiece of beaver construction. The house was visible across the mirror surface of the pond but the flat-tailed engineers of this miracle were nowhere in evidence.

We did not talk. We looked and marvelled. The idea that this was the work of "stupid little aquatic rodents" was a hard pill for a pair of highly developed descendants of the apes to swallow.

Bill pointed at a stick protruding from the mass of mud and stick construction. "Go ahead. Pull it out," he ordered. I tried with one hand. I tried with two hands. I braced my feet and tugged for all I was worth. It never budged.

Bill didn't laugh, but his eyes did. "What did I tell ye? Them little critters know just what they are up to."

Then I saw the sticks laid out neatly on the bottom and it dawned on me he hadn't sought to mislead me very much.

Suddenly Bill said, "For gosh sakes, look at that!"

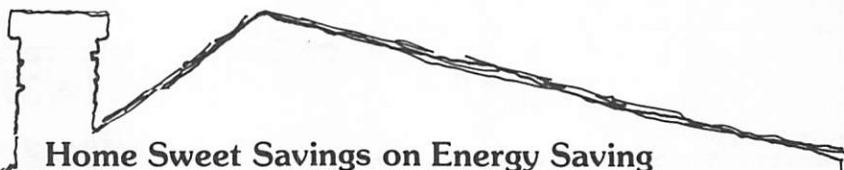
His extended finger called my attention to a tree trunk which had fallen across the dam. The beavers had repaired the damage very successfully but one leak had either escaped their notice or else its repair had exceeded their capabilities. The tree trunk was hollow and thru it a sizeable stream was discharging in the brook bed below the dam.

Suddenly, Bill said, "Let's get out of here."

He was strangely silent all the way back to jeep and I worried that the trip had been too much for him. Just before I started the motor he spoke. His voice was low-pitched and a little strained. "I always knew they was smart little fellers—but not that smart! You just got to bring me back here to see them when they put in their WATER WHEEL!"

□

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Returning to thunderstorms: hail is a weather phenomena commonly associated with the summer storms. Contrary to popular belief, hail is not just frozen rain. The formation of hail is a rather complex and fascinating operation. In a large and active thunderstorm the winds inside the storm travel vertically. The height of the storm may reach 40,000 feet, so the temperatures high in the storm are below freezing. As a raindrop inside the storm begins falling, it may be projected high into the storm by the strong vertical winds. It freezes, and then starts to descend. Again it is catapulted to great heights and another layer of water is frozen onto the ever-increasing ball of ice. Soon its weight is too great for the storm's winds to support and it falls to the ground. Hail weighing several pounds can be made in this fashion.

On June 6th of this year a strong thundershower rumbled across the area with heavy showers and a brilliant show of lightning. I was in South Paris during the storm and no hail fell. But in Waterford our neighbor, Vern Millett, reported that his lawn was "covered with hail" after the storm. The hail melted before it got to the ground in Norway, while at the higher elevations on Plummer Hill in Waterford, the hail didn't have time to melt before it hit.

Weather sayings are often ignored or laughed at. As I've already illustrated, some weather proverbs are true. Take for example this weather saying: "Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short." This refers to warm and cold fronts, again. The warm front moves about half as fast as the cold front, pushing cold air back before it with gradually lowering clouds. Since there is no sudden change in the air mass, precipitation will be light and prolonged. With a cold front, the new air mass pushes under the warm air quickly and produces a very active, short-lived storm.

"When dew is on the grass, rain will never come to pass." This statement also has some scientific bearing. Dew is formed when the air is cooled to its dew point, much in the same way as fog. The two conditions necessary for dew formation are an absence of clouds (a cloudy night wouldn't allow temperatures to drop) and a windless night (breezes would carry warm air over the area and prevent dew formation). Morning dew

thus comes with conditions that are right for fair weather—no wind and clear skies.

Some weather sayings have no real basis in fact: these are the ones associated with particular days, such as Groundhog Day. The following is an excerpt from the Saint's Days Weather Calendar for July:

*St. Mary (2): If it rains on this day, it will rain for a month straight.*

*St. Martin Bullion (4): If Martin Bullion's Day brings rain, it will rain for forty days and forty nights.*

*St. Gallo (15): The weather on this day will last for forty days.*

*St. Swithin (15): St. Swithin's, if ye do rain, for forty it will remain.*

*St. Jacob (25): Puffy white clouds (cumulus) on this day foretells much snow in the coming winter.*

*St. Anne (26): Rain on St. Anne's will continue for a month and a week.*

*St. Godelieve (27): Rain on this day will continue for forty days.*

So, if you want some accurate weather forecasting for the month of July, ditch your weather radio, television set, and newspaper, and just follow this sure-fire calendar. □

*Burns, who will be a junior at Oxford Hills High School in the fall, is a weather observer in Waterford for WCSH-TV.*



# Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

*"What I would like to do is use the time that is coming now to talk about some things that have come to mind. We're in such a hurry most of the time we never get much chance to talk. The result is a kind of endless day-to-day shallowness, a monotony that leaves a person wondering years later where all the time went and sorry that it's all gone. Now that we do have some time, and know it, I would like to use the time to talk in some depth about things that seem important."*

(R. M. Pirsig)

## THERAPIES OF OBESITY

The direction of these articles on obesity has crystallized now. It's time for a review of what's been said and time for some thought about where we're headed. It's time, too, for a confession of sorts; the confession has to do in a way with the above quotation. I am finding it difficult to write three articles on obesity—I meet up continually with a great reluctance. I've identified the source of that hesitation—it's a fear I have that we, you and I, are sharing in a kind of shallowness; that these "talks" we're having are just a bit of entertainment, another warp in the daily routine; that the words are read, set aside, and forgotten. Please don't misunderstand. It's not prizes or praise I am after. I am asking just that we slow down here, let the words sink in, reflect a bit. Physicians, to a man, are universally criticized for not talking to their patients. We do have that chance to talk now, and I guess what I'm asking you to do is to listen.

In the May and June articles we defined the problem of obesity, ruminating some about how one gets obese, and we saw obesity's health consequences. We looked at the self-delusion and the self-defeating

behavior and saw how a seemingly innocuous weekly indulgence leads to insidious weight gain. And these previous talks were not a prelude, nor padding to sell magazines and string you along to a final article wherein a new secret cure for obesity is revealed. There is no secret cure; these talks are important in themselves and the insights vital to the treatment of obesity. Maybe it would be best to read them again.

We need to examine now the various existing methods used to treat obesity. A combination of some of these measures offers some hope for effective treatment. Drugs have no place in the therapy of obesity—and if you have reread and "listened," you will already know why. Even if there were an effective miracle drug, and there is not, one could not take it forever and, without any learning, without insight, without a change in behavior, the weight loss would be regained. Yes, I have heard the rebuttal many times: "If I could just get down there," it goes, "I could keep the weight off, I just know I could. It's just that I can't stick to a diet for very long."

Fact: Keeping the weight off is far more difficult than losing it—ask anyone who continues to fight the battle. But there is no miracle drug. Amphetamines, addicting and toxic, will curb your weight for a while, but then one "breaks through" that effect, regains the weight, and uses the drug for other reasons. Diuretics will cause you to urinate pounds of fluid away, to the point of dehydration if you wish, but no fat is lost and the fluid re-accumulates when the drug is stopped. Thyroid hormone causes a speeding up of metabolism and a break-down of lean muscle mass (not fat), leading to moderate weight loss. When dangerously toxic from Digitalis, one loses one's appetite. Injections of human chorionic gonadotropin probably cause weight loss through a placebo effect (if you take six shots for six weeks and pay all that money, you sure as hell better lose weight). The various non-prescription candies, powders, and potions are also placebos. Lest you despair, be reassured that you can find doctors in Maine who will endanger your life, *to no avail*, by prescribing any and all of these drugs, if you are willing to take the risk. But, the risk is needless—one can't use the drugs forever—the weight is always regained, should the patient survive.

Some form of *dieting* is essential for weight loss, yet diet therapy alone is at best a very difficult road, and usually fails. One must consume fewer calories than one burns. For the moderately active mother who needs 1800 calories a day to maintain her weight, a diet of 1200 calories will shed a pound every six days, or about sixty pounds in a year. As we know, there are several problems inherent in this calorie-counting approach. The weight loss is frustratingly slow and we are in more of a hurry than that, to the tune of, say, a pound a day. Calorie-counting is as boring as the diets themselves. We cheat, we miss some calories to be counted, the weight doesn't come off, we go off the diet, feel guilty, and brand ourselves as failures. Enter the fad diets.

The fad diets and planned diet menus do the counting for you. Those that are well-balanced nutritionally can be followed indefinitely (Weight Watchers' diet, Diet Workshop Diet, *Redbook's Wise Woman's Diet*, Dr. Glenn's Once-And-For-All Diet). Others will endanger health if followed for more than a week (The Simeon's Technique, Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Dr. Stillman's inches Off Diet, Zen Macrobiotic Diet). If you are healthy, you can survive almost any diet for one or two weeks. But if you are obese, you need a diet you can live with for months or years, a diet to teach you about food and yourself. Bouncing from gimmick to trick, from carbohydrates to fats, teaches you nothing.

Diets which restrict carbohydrates or promote high-protein intake have a few problems. These diets are designed to produce *ketosis*, a chemical change in the blood which acts to suppress appetite (and gives one a very foul breath). Ketosis is dangerous to those with diabetes or gout. Also, since these diets pay no attention to fat intake, cholesterol and saturated fats are consumed in excess quantities. Finally, because they restrict certain food groups, they are unsound over the long haul. The message is clear: a well-balanced diet moderately restricted in calories and designed to take off about a pound a week is preferred. Such a diet *must* form a part of your therapy for your obesity.

That most successful of all self-help groups, Alcoholics Anonymous, has shown the way for many obese people. Realizing that obesity, like alcoholism is an illness,



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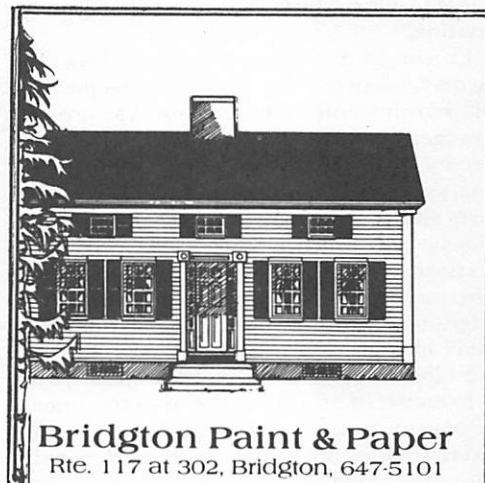
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they have formed very successful *self-help groups* of their own (TOPS, Weight Watchers, Diet Workshop, Overeaters Anonymous). One finds support, understanding, shared insights. The support these groups offer is no small thing for the fat person; no one understands a problem like one who has been there. The level of sophistication varies from group to group, but obesity is pretty unsophisticated in itself. One would do well to swallow some humility rather than pastry, and join up.

As an adjunct to dieting, therapists advise *behavior modification*, which in essence means changing one's approach to food. The idea is to follow a list of rules designed to shore up weakening will power, rules which keep one's mind focused on the job at hand. For example, keep a list of everything consumed each day and tally up the calories. Never store favorite foods. Keep in the house only foods which need preparing before eating. Never skip breakfast. Never eat alone. Weigh in every morning. Never eat standing up, or in the kitchen, or while watching TV. When angry, frustrated, depressed, substitute activity or exercise for eating. Never clean your plate. The hope is that in the end what starts out as a rule becomes routine.

*Exercise* as it pertains to weight loss is a two-edged sword. Its instantaneous powers of burning off fat are always grossly exaggerated—and its cumulative effects in producing weight loss over months and years are vastly underrated. Let's look at the two edges of the sword. (It's time to go slowly here, time to listen closely.) It takes sixty-seven minutes of jogging to burn off one piece of pecan pie, and for the other edge, if you walk for one hour every day and don't change your intake of food a bit, you will lose twenty-five pounds in a year.

Exercise: of no avail in the crisis treatment of obesity but wonderful as a way of life. Exercise does not make one hungrier; only the very lean tend to eat more when exercising regularly. Exercise cannot be expected to work miracles; a Hershey bar negates forty minutes of walking, and it takes fifteen hours to walk off a pound of fat. But, on the other hand, at an hour of walking a day, a pound can be lost in two weeks. Inactive people tend to overestimate their activity. They "walk," they climb stairs, they mow the lawn, and they believe themselves quite active, yet they are not.

Daily, regular exercise is as important to "man the animal" as is sleep, but only 15% of Americans get enough of it. For the obese, daily exercise has benefits other than weight loss; but more about that next month.

For the morbidly obese (those weighing twice or more their ideal weight) there are more drastic measures. *Prolonged fasting* sheds weight at about a pound per day. Fasting for more than seven to ten days must be done in the hospital, and that can be very expensive. And no learning takes place. While in the Army, I cared for a woman weighing 390 pounds. "If I could just get down there," she said, "I know I could keep it off." I admitted her to the hospital. As an Army dependent, she was entitled to free medical care. She began a total fast except for about 300 calories per day of egg albumin, minerals, and vitamins. I visited her twice a day, measured her serum electrolytes and liver function tests weekly, and had her blood pressure checked four times a day. The nurses tested her urine for ketones to be certain she wasn't cheating on us. After three days she was no longer hungry; in five she was euphoric. On week-ends she went home for a few hours of visiting; her family heaped praise upon her, encouraged her in her struggle. The weeks went by. In seventy days she went under 300 pounds for the first time in ten years. She was ecstatic. She hadn't cheated, she had done it, fasted, lived on egg whites and pills and made it. Could she stay another month? Sure, two if she wished. She was discharged from the hospital after four months. She had lost 140 pounds. We had a little party for her on the ward: Diet Pepsi, celery stalks, things like that. She cried, thanked everyone, hugged me and took her diet home to her family. And she never came back, never made even her first follow-up appointment a week later. A few months later I saw her in the PX. She wouldn't look at me.

There are cases reported of patients with jaws wired shut, sipping heavy cream through a straw and not losing an ounce. Clearly this is a different disease, this morbid obesity. Enter the intestinal bypass.

Of the various ways of detouring part of the digestive tract, the *gastric bypass* is at present the accepted surgical procedure of choice. Most of the stomach is sewn shut, until only a small pouch remains. The patient fills up quickly, and enjoys satiety for the first time in many years. If not bent on

defeating the operation with heavy cream or the like, the patient loses weight. But operating on a 300 pound person is risky business. There is a 3-4% mortality—that is, one in 30 dies. Two percent get stomach ulcers, another 17% need a second operation to obtain a smaller pouch, and a significant number become depressed when the tranquilizing effect of large food intake is lost. Even when screened by a psychiatrist and an internist before surgery, as is done at Stephens Memorial Hospital, there are still the inevitable problems.

Thank you for listening to this rather long talk about the difficult and desperate methods used to approach the problem of obesity. The problem is frustrating for both patient and doctor. Expectations from both are often too high. Guilt and self-hate are inordinate and inappropriate. What remains for us now is to synthesize this into some reasonable approach to weight reduction.

See you next month. □

*Dr. LaCombe, a member of Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group, is on the Stephens Memorial Hospital Health Education Advisory Board.*

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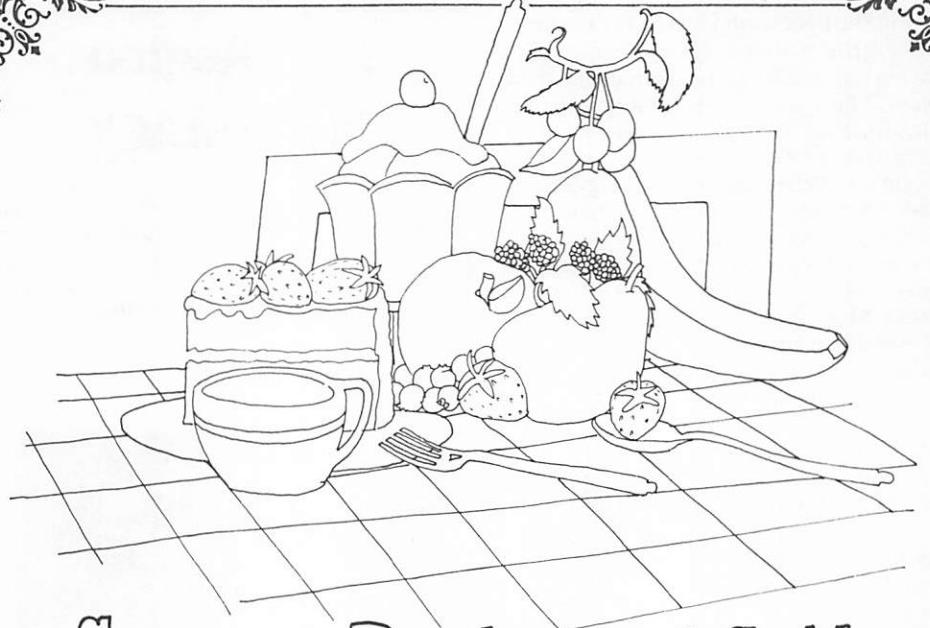
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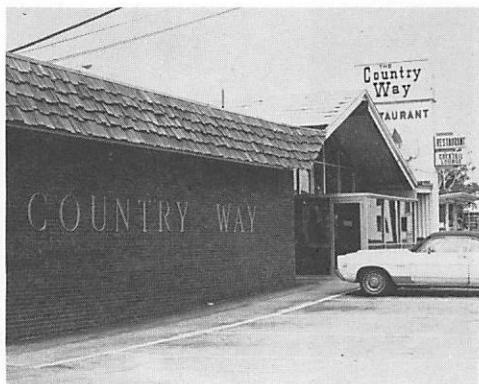


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Some of the buildings which made Paris Hill an Historic District for the National Register are the old stone Oxford County Jail, the former home of Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President of the United States, the printing office of the Oxford Democrat (1850-1900), the Baptist Church with its Paul Revere Bell, and many splendid homes of former congressmen, sea-captains and diplomats.

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**YMCA SUMMER FUN:** Day program for 6-12 yr. olds at Norway Lake 9-3 Mon.-Fri. through Aug. 17, recreation, swimming, sports, outdoor skills. \$20 per week. Day Program with O.C.C.S. for 5-8 yr. olds at Norway Lake Schoolhouse, two days a week for ea. of 2 age groups, 6:30 a.m.-5:00 p.m., \$2.00 per week. Disco Dances: Weds. July 11,

## HARRISON OLD HOME DAYS

Scheduled for July 12, 13 & 14, the Harrison Old Home Days will again feature the Flatland Cloggers from Virginia. Last year this group of vivacious teenagers captured the interest of all who saw them; this year they will be performing each night and in the parade on Saturday. The people of Harrison have opened their homes to these young people as they did before and many are returning to the same homes they stayed in last year.



*The Flatland Cloggers from Chesapeake, Virginia*

This summer's midway will feature Smokey's Greater Shows, the only Maine-based carnival. They will have a Merry-go-round as well as their regular rides. Special features of the Midway will be the Beano Tent, "Firemen's Jail," home-made pies in the Food Booth, Chuck-a-luck, Blanket raffle, card games, Soak-a-Dope, Ice Cream Stand and Coin Pitch. Bonus prizes will be raffled every hour with a grand prize at 11 p.m. Saturday.

Two parades will highlight the weekend using the theme "Country Life." The Kiddie Parade begins Fri. at 6:30 p.m. at the foot of Dawes Hill, featuring bikes, trikes, doll buggies, wagons & unusual clowns. Prizes will be offered. (Contact Jean Campbell at 583-2241 or Brenda Hudson at 583-4896 for more information.) The Grand Parade will begin Sat. at 2:00 p.m., featuring several bands from Maine & N.H., old cars, fire engines, horses, floats & clowns. Prizes will be given for the entries best representing the theme.

The Lions Club will have a Chicken Barbeque Saturday after the parade, in the Beano tent. Craft displays are being planned (Call Bill Winslow at 583-4058 for ground space information.)

18, Aug. 22, 29, & Thurs. July 5, OHHS Cafeteria, 8-11:30 p.m. for Jr. & Sr. High students, \$2.00. Jogging Program: West Paris Elementary School 4:30 p.m. Mon., Weds., Fri. - for all ages & abilities. Woody Allen Memorial Road Race: Tentatively set for July 25. Second Annual Tennis Tournament in Aug. t.b.a. Also: Rent-a-Youth, Singles Club (over 35), Stamp Club (all ages). Call 743-7184 for more details.

## 12th ANNUAL PINE TREE COMPETITIVE RIDE

Held July 18 - 21 beginning at Oxford County Fairgrounds. This 100-mile ride sponsored by the Arabian Horse Association of Maine is open to all breeds of horses. Up to 40 horses are expected to participate in one of the world's fastest growing horse sports.

According to Georgia Robertson of the Association, "There is a happiness and excitement in distance riding, a comradeship between horse and rider since a good sound horse needs an understanding and intelligent rider. Many months of working together in all kinds of weather and on all types of terrain are required to produce a grand champion."

Mrs. Robertson is owner of Riverwind Amir, last year's winner of the Best Maine-Owned Horse Award and a Grand Champion in the Pine Spill Ride held in Raymond this past May.

Horses taking part in competitive rides are judged on their condition and performance during a set time limit along 100 miles of well-marked trails that run through five towns. The terrain varies from the shaded wooded areas bordering Crooked River to open field and steep hillsides.

For further information, contact Janet Brunjes, RFD 2, North Norway, Tel. 527-2116.



Riverwind Amir, owned by Bruce & Georgia Robertson of Riverwind Farm, Buckfield.

**ANTIQUE CLASSIC CAR MEET:** sponsored by Norway-Paris Lions Club, July 8. Parade at 11:30 a.m., Car show following at Oxford County Fairgrounds. Adults \$1.00, Children under 12 50¢.

**PERSONAL GROWTH PROGRAMS:** at Tri-County Mental Health Services. Support groups

for: Elderly, Tues. a.m., bi-monthly 10-12 a.m., Rustfield Village, Norway; Widowhood, Thurs. 1-3, bi-monthly at the office at 11 Paris St., Norway, and Widowhood Workshop for men & women, Mon. 6:30-8 p.m., bi-monthly at the office; Coping with Families of Nursing Home Residents, Weds. bi-monthly, evenings at Andrews Nursing Home; Separated & Divorced, 8 p.m., Tues. at 11 Paris St.; Women's Concerns, Weds. 6:30-8 p.m. at the office. Courses also available in all levels of parenting. Call 743-7911 for more details.

## MUSEUMS

**MOSES MASON HOUSE MUSEUM:** Bethel. Completely restored house, historical archives. Open daily except Mon., July 1 to Labor Day, 1-4 p.m. & by appointment. Groups welcome. Call 207/824-2908.

**SHAKER VILLAGE MUSEUM & SHOP:** Antique furniture, tin, woodenware, tools & implements; 1794 Mtghouse, 1839 Ministry Shop, 1850 Boys' Shop. America's oldest still-active religious community. Open May-Labor Day with guided tours, daily except Sun. & Mon., 10-4:30.

## CASCO DAYS CELEBRATION

Sponsored to benefit the Casco Firemen's Association, this celebration is held the last weekend in July (26-28) at the Junior High on Rte. 121 in Casco Village. All proceeds go to the firemen and all rides, games and equipment are locally-owned and staffed by local people. This is a "home-town" good time.

On the Midway is Beano, Beat-The Dealer, Penny Pitch, Children's games, Pony Rides, Horse Race, Bars 'n Bells, Bonus Prizes, Ferris Wheel, balloons, food, and candy.

### Schedule

**Thursday, July 26**

Gala Old-fashioned Square Dance, at the Jr. High, 7 p.m.

Midway opens at 7:30 p.m.

**Friday, July 27**

Midway opens at 7:30 p.m.

**Saturday, July 28**

Children's Parade at 11 a.m. in Casco Village.

Midway open all day & evenings.

Old-Fashioned Day 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m. Costumes, craft exhibits, old autos, band concert.

Road Race - 12:00 noon.

Grand Parade (1 mi. long) at 2:00 p.m. with Bands & Floats

Public Supper - 5:00 p.m. at Jr. High.

# Making It

## THINGS LOOK FINE— IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

In a tiny tree-and-flower filled yard between two large buildings on Route 117 at the edge of Bridgton Village sits a small rust-colored house. A brick walkway leads to the front door, which is marked in the middle by a flower-shaped window.

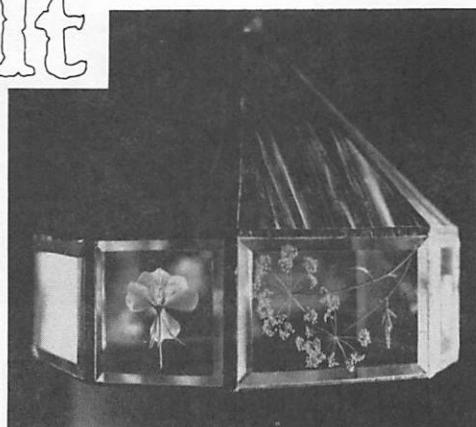
Inside this storybook cottage is the home/studio/shop of Nancy Steele and Janice Kubiac—the craftswomen behind the stained glass treasures of "In Broad Daylight."

At the small cottage windows, hanging pieces of multicolored glass pull sunlight into low-ceilinged little rooms currently being renovated. Flat golden sculptures, big lampshades, and little boxes made of flower-petal-filled glass decorate the area between piano and woodstove. In a sunny white workshop, the two former teachers work together to create original design-windows and myriad little glass objects to sell.

Kubiac and Steele collaborate on the planning of a project; they lay out a design on paper, then cut individual pieces of glass to fit the pattern, which Nancy places. Then both work to finish the project—wrapping the edges of each glass segment in narrow strips of copper foil, then applying flux and solder to join the copper edges and give them a silvery finish.

They work occasionally with leaded glass as well—an ancient technique which involves fitting the individual glass parts into lead channels and then soldering the joints to hold them. Both techniques are exacting and time-consuming methods of performing an art which has been around for well over a thousand years.

Interestingly, it was a Victorian hobby which got Kubiac and Steele interested in working with glass—they saw a friend pressing flowers and liked the effect. They wanted originally to keep and classify specimens for their own instruction, but then Janice met a UMPG woodworking class-mate who crafted stained glass as a hobby. She was intrigued by the



*A hand-made lampshade*

combination and says she and Nancy Steele just "sort of fell into" their occupation after that.

Originally from Massachusetts, the two got further instruction on their own, moved to Maine permanently, and now wait tables part-time in order to pursue glass-work.

Most of their finished products still contain nature's beauty—dried and pressed whole flowers or petals sandwiched between layers of clear bevelled glass. The two friends pick their own flowers—though the wet spring this year has made many of their favorites hard to find.

Blossoms are put into a clamped wooden press or placed between layers of absorbent paper under heavy books. Sometimes especially lovely buds will be dried whole in silica for sealing in little glass cubes. Most of the moisture is removed from the blossoms to retain a maximum of color.

Though Steele and Kubiac would like to preserve a few rare wild flowers—like lady's-slippers—in the interest of conservation, they do not because, they say, "Someone might see our piece and want to pick one themselves."

From time to time they dry special insects. Unusually pretty butterflies are sealed within some of their glass sculptures, but these specimens are bought from a supplier because the women hesitate to kill butterflies themselves. The result of this work with nature is a unique, light-filled presence, resembling prehistoric flora and fauna preserved in amber.

Page 54...

# Artisans

a guide to local artists • craftsmen • skilled tradespeople



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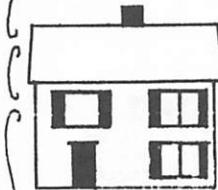


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...Page 51 Making It

The "florigraph" pieces were sold originally to gift shops, but word-of-mouth trade (especially at Christmas) has allowed the two to spread out into a more specialized area of custom stained glass design.

Janice, 28, who once taught psychology, and Nancy, 35, a Barnard College graduate and former social worker, have done mostly leaded glass repair and a few custom windows and doors for people's homes thus far. They will adapt a customer's own design into the best glass method, or create one of their own for a price which depends upon several factors, including square footage of glass, number of pieces, and intricacy of structure. They also have fine colored glass available for sale to other craftspeople. (The only other nearby outlet is in Portland.)

With an engaging smile, Jan Kubiac states their hope for the future: to get a chance to do church windows, which she views as the real challenge. But for now, the two artists of "In Broad Daylight" are happy with what they're doing.

"We love working with our hands," says Janice. "Now we have a glimmer of hope that we may be able to do it full time." □

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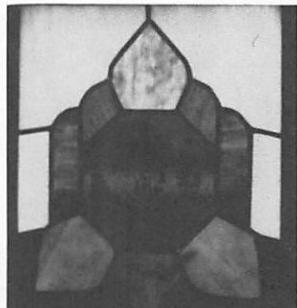
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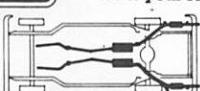
It's odd...when you know things about  
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# Ayah

We consider your comments and suggestions an important means of discovering our readers' interests. Representative and appropriate letters will be published as space allows. Most likely answers won't be necessary, and probably the only response you'll receive will be a most appropriate "Ayah!"

## A THANK YOU FROM A PATIENT

As a follow-up on Dr. Lacombe's April column about Stephens Memorial Hospital, titled **Number One**, we received a congratulatory telephone call in the **BitterSweet** office one day recently. Mrs. Lila Stymiest of Buckfield called to let us know how she felt about the hospital, its staff, and Dr. LaCombe himself.

Mrs. Stymiest told us she is just as proud of the hospital as anyone who works there. In 1977, following a heart attack, she was taken to Stephens Memorial Hospital and placed in Intensive Care. She remembers the care she received very well, for she had never been sick before and she was frightened.

"Every one of the nurses was as wonderful to me as if I was one of their own," Mrs. Stymiest recalled. "They couldn't have been nicer or done more for me. I love the hospital—I love everybody in it."

In her gentle, effusive manner, Mrs. Stymiest spoke over the wire of the "great confidence" she had in the health professionals in this area because of her experiences: "My faith in all humanity is unbounded because of the doctor and the hospital."

Of Dr. Lacombe in particular she said, "He's a wonderful person as well as a doctor. And his office staff I think a lot of—they always recognize you, and that makes you feel good."

The Hebron-Buckfield Rescue Unit came in for its share of praise as well, especially Jerry Wiley, a prime mover in the organization. The former patient felt the presence of rescue units in our communities was really important to the care of victims of accidents and health emergencies.

"I'm really proud to be a member of the best hospital in Maine."

We believe it is the personal commitment of people in all the towns and cities in Maine which keeps our small hospitals great. Thank you, Mrs. Stymiest □



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# PEDDLER PAGE

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**FOR SALE:** Wooden play pen, folds flat to carry in car or use in house or out of doors. \$10.00. Rival stoneware Crock-pot, 3 1/2 quart size, never used. \$25.00. 8-piece stainless set silverware with 12 spoons and 6 extra servings such as butter knife, sugar, cake server, etc. \$40.00. Call 892-6966.

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## JULY BRAINTEASER

Two grasshoppers each boasted that he could jump faster than the other. To settle the argument, they decided to have a race. The grasshoppers measured out a straight, 12-foot-long race course. They agreed that both would start together and keep on jumping until they had covered the entire course and returned—a total distance of 24 feet.

At the signal they were off. The larger grasshopper covered 10 inches at each jump, while the smaller grasshopper covered 6 inches at each jump. However, the smaller grasshopper was able to jump more frequently than his rival, so kept pace with him neck and neck. But the race wasn't a tie. Which grasshopper won?



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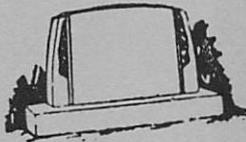
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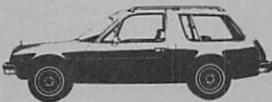
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## ANSWER TO JUNE BRAINTEASER - XIV

Of the 78 people who drink coffee,  $78 - 48 = 30$  who only drink coffee and never drink tea. Of the 71 who drink tea,  $71 - 48 = 23$  who drink only tea and never drink coffee. This makes three distinct groups: those who drink only coffee (30), those who drink only tea (23), and those who drink both (48); a total of 101 people. But the investigator gave the number of people interviewed as 100, which means that one of his figures was wrong.

□

Harry Sims of Oxford and Mrs. Gordon Emery of West Paris had the winning entries to the June Brainteaser XIV. Other correct answers were received from Jody Smith, Oxford; Vernon McFarlin, South Paris; Jeff Leighton, South Portland; Linwood Lord, Kennebunk; Dave and Betty Harriman, Auburn; Christina Rowden, Bridgton; Dana and Cyndi Hall, Lewiston; James Goodberlet, Sumner; Pat Perry, North Waterford.

## You don't say

Obtained from his great-aunt, Rachel Weston Allen, the following historical note was presented to the Fryeburg Academy newsletter by George C. Weston of Fryeburg. It was written by Mary Barrows in 1950:

### The Javanian-Uranian Memorial

In the spring of 1886, when Fryeburg Academy soil was of such poor quality that almost nothing could grow in it, two members of the senior class bought a tiny tree not more than ten inches tall. They planted it in the yard with considerable ceremony among their class.

The two were E. Browning Mason and Louise C. Brackett. They called the tree the "Javanian-Uranian Memorial, in thankfulness that they were not named for their fathers; Dr. Mason's name was Javan, and Mr. Brackett's Uranus.

Of course, no one expected the poor little pine to live, but if you visit the yard today you will see a noble pine not far from the central entrance.

The Javanian-Uranian Memorial has outlived both of its planters, and the majority of the class of 1886. Dr. John J. Shedd of North Conway was president of the class. □

from Fryeburg Academy Scenes  
Newsletter

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# Heading Out



## Meet Norway's Bear

by Jane Perham

There's a bear living in the very heart of Norway. But don't accuse the town officials of being lax. This particular bruin was an established member of the community long before zoning and animal control. This bear has been comfortably settled in at his Main Street residence for more than half a century and shows no sign of leaving his den.

For a while the house next door was the famed Beal's Tavern which later became the Hotel Stone. Now, a parking area fills this adjacent lot. Despite all the modernization that has taken place in his neighborhood, the outward appearance of the bear's home looks just the way it did when he moved in.

Some of you are undoubtedly scratching your heads and muttering, "Bear? WHAT BEAR?" Well, I'll wager many of you pass his dwelling nearly every day! Here's a clue...What landmark on Norway's Main Street traditionally sports a coat of bright blue paint? Right! The bear lives at the L. F. Pike Co.

Pike's loveable old bear has long been a pal of mine and many others share my affection for this critter. It would be unthinkable to stop by Pike's and not spend a few minutes with him. Heaven forbid that I should find the bear gone to an unknown place of retirement. Recently I realized just how little I really knew about the bear and I set out to put the record straight.

The founder of the Blue Store, as it is fondly known, was Fred Pike. Pike opened the shop for business with a complete inventory of better clothing for gentlemen, and offered tailoring and alteration services as well. The firm soon became a mainstay of Norway's business district and today Pike's continues to operate in its established tradition. John Pike is the proprietor of L. F. Pike & Sons and perhaps our bear could rightly be called the senior staff member of the firm. Not every store can boast of having a bear on the payroll, but after their lengthy association, Pike's and the bruin go together like apple pie and ice cream.

What brought the bear to this little shop in Norway? Well, it was all due to a whimsical turn of fashion. Early in this century fur coats for gentlemen were considered to be *haute couture*. They attracted the fancy of men everywhere and our local menfolk were no exception. Bundling up in heavy winter clothes for a sleighride wasn't anything to get excited about—but topping it all off with a modishly-styled fur coat was entirely another story.

Fred Pike wisely added a selection of these

fur topcoats to his stock of clothing, enabling his customers to dress in the approved fashion. Along with these coats came the bear. No, the bear wasn't destined to become another coat, thank heavens. The Boston furrier supplying the Blue Store with its coats included this gentle animal as a display aid.

Salesmanship and good display are the two keys to good business and Fred Pike put the bear to good use. This magnificent beast leaning against his tree trunk added a great deal of class and interest to the area where the furs were displayed.

For a long time the bear and Fred Pike worked paw in hand at the Blue Store selling fur coats. Then the warmly-heated automobiles came along and the screw of fashion turned once again. No longer was there a demand for the natty look of a gent's fur coat and the items were gradually phased out of Pike's stock to make room for a more chic item. The bear's task was finished.

There was no reason or obligation to return this special display aid to the Boston furrier however, so the bear stayed at the Blue Store. No longer did he have what could be called full-time employment, but Fred Pike found various ways to put the bear to use. He was a great addition to displays of hunting apparel, for example, and he was frequently seen with the clothing in the Main Street windows of the store. When he wasn't occupied in this fashion, the bear kept watch over business from various resting spots in the shop.

The bear's world wasn't limited to the confines of the Blue Store by any means. John Pike estimates that his furry fellow worker has taken part in just about every parade Norway has hosted. Perched jauntily on one float or another, the bruin has represented Pike's Blue Store in grand style.

As time passed, it became more and more evident that the bear was probably the best public relations item Pike could have. When children came in, they immediately ran to find the bear. While they visited him, business with their parents was much easier and more pleasantly accomplished.

Pike's bear remains a great favorite with children today. This is a golden opportunity to inspect a real bear quite safely, and really get acquainted. He's just the right size for a child's scrutiny, too. A youngster can look Bruin right in those shiny eyes, pat his shaggy coat, examine those sharp claws and

touch the jagged teeth. Where else around here can a kid do that in complete safety? Nowhere but at Pike's!

When I was growing up, I welcomed any excuse that would get me into the store. Since it was a men's clothing shop my visits were pretty much limited to Father's Day, Christmas, Daddy's birthday, and other similar occasions. A bonus visit might take place when Daddy needed suits or trousers altered. Any excuse was all right with me—I just wanted to see the bear!

My relationship with the bear was continued when he was introduced to my son. Like those of so many toddlers before him, my son's eyes widened fast at the sight of the bear. John Pike told me that many bring their little ones in for just this reason, so it's apparent the bruin has retained his charismatic personality over the years. How wonderful this display aid wasn't relegated to a place where he would have missed the chance to bring pleasure to so many, both young and old.

John Pike's thoughtfulness in relating the story of the bear's history is appreciated since I'm a few generations younger than Bruin. When I took some photographs, Pike apologized, saying the bear doesn't really look as good as he used to. Well, it's true he has shed some of his fur and it has faded a bit in color. No matter. We all suffer from signs of aging. He's still his loveable old self.

You really should stop by and make the bear's acquaintance if you haven't already. If you feel self-conscious, then borrow a friend's kid or bring along a grandchild. They'll love the bear and so will you.

One thing hasn't changed for me—I can never recall visiting Pike's and not finding my friend there to greet me. When one considers how few things in life remain constant, this makes the bear at the Blue Store pretty unique and special. □

Jane Perham  
West Paris

**Editorial Note:** Since this story was written, L. F. Pike Co. has changed owners. The bear, however, continues to keep an eye on the Blue Store for the new owners from a position of importance right at the door.



## IN THE ELM

it comes  
on crows' wings  
black against the  
sun,  
and lights  
in the old elm  
next to the field  
and calls  
most mockingly  
into the evening  
air

teasing  
teasing  
the feebleness  
of man.

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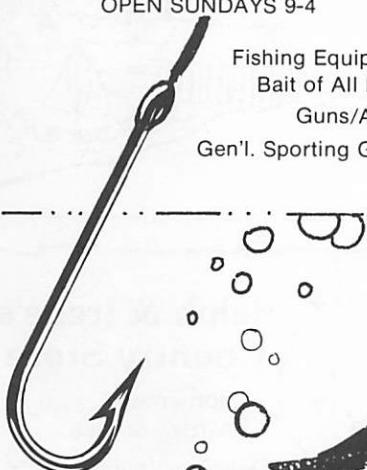
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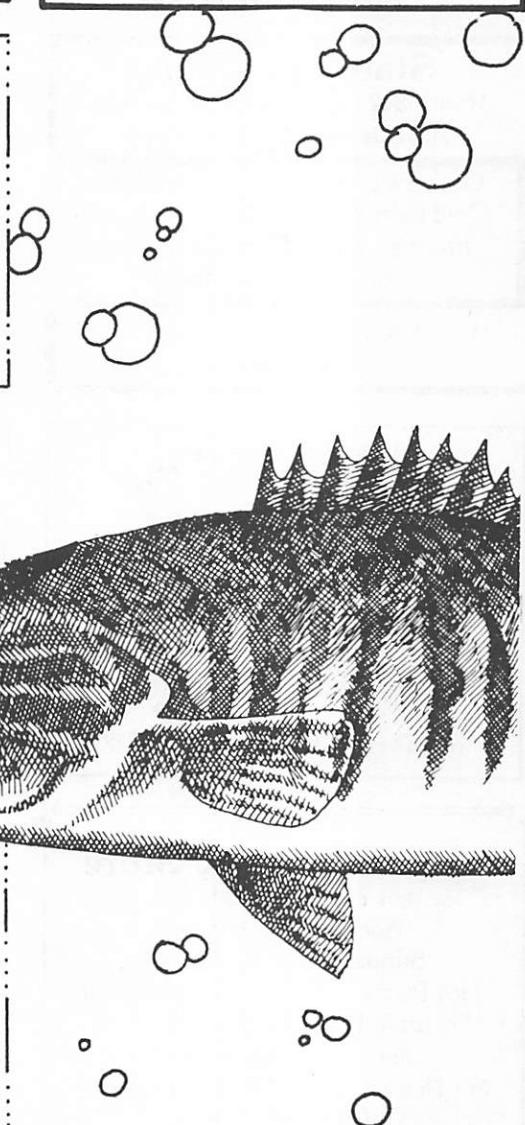


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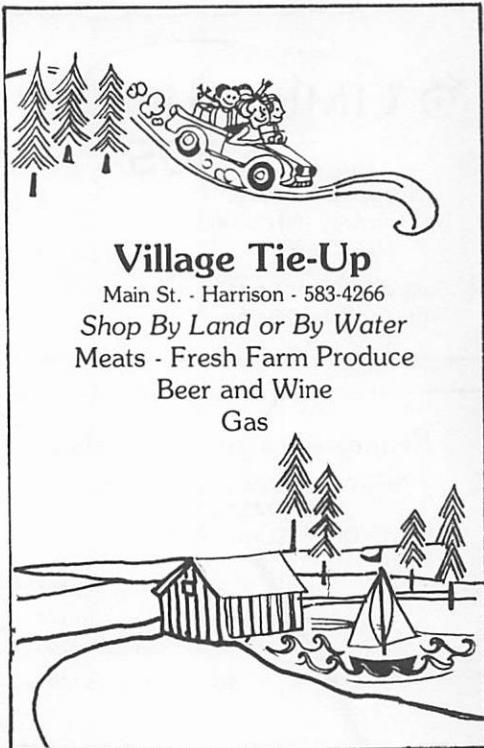
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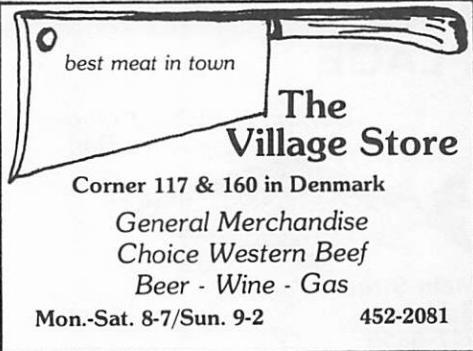
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# BitterSweet Notes:

From Barbara Bean of Buckfield comes this tribute for the Fourth of July:

This is a day to be thankful and proud of our wonderful country.

My grandfather Alfonso F. Warren was a Civil War veteran. He joined the United States Army September 29, 1862, in the Company of Charles Prince, as a drummer boy. He was 14 at the time and declared he was 16. The Company was the 23rd Maine Infantry, employed in guard duty in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, Virginia. It had more soldiers from Buckfield than any other company.

My grandfather had a comrade, William Bridgham of Buckfield, who was a fifer. The two played the fife and drum all their lives.

Mr. Bridgham also joined the twenty-third Maine Company, but his father made him come home because he was so young. However, he joined up again, with the 29th Company.



One day while my grandfather was in the Army, the officers of his Regiment came to his tent early one morning and told him to accompany them. He was afraid that he was going to be reprimanded for some mistake. Instead, they took him to the best music store in Washington D.C. and presented him with the drum he was to have all his life.

He and his comrade, William Bridgham, gained a great deal of practice on their instruments while in the Army. After the war, they returned to Buckfield and resumed playing. They performed all their lives at Memorial Day parades, public gatherings, and celebrations all over western Maine. Quite often they would gather in my grandfather's Harness Shop in downtown Buckfield and relive old times which had meant so much to them.

When I was a small girl, I would accompany my grandfather to the meetings of the G.A.R. post—the "Fessenden Post." He would have me sing solos at their social hour; then he and Mr. Bridgham would play several selections, ballads and patriotic numbers of the Civil War era, such as "Blue-tailed Fly," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The dinners at these meetings would consist of baked beans, brown bread and pilot bread (large round crackers used by soldiers during the war), pies, coffee, doughnuts, and cakes. They were always enjoyable occasions for everyone. Many friendships were renewed.

After many years there was to be a reunion of the north and south at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Grandfather and Mr. Bridgham left on a local train to attend. They met many soldiers there and even some who had been their enemies during the war. On returning home, Grandfather brought me a gold locket from Washington D.C. which I still cherish.

In 1914, war was declared again, this time with Germany. It lasted four years. On November 11, 1918, sometime during the morning hours, church bells began ringing, mill whistles blew, and people ran toward the town shouting, "Where's the fire?"

"The War is over!" they cried, amid tears and laughter. People sang. Joy was everywhere. I was a school girl at the time, but even we students were let out to go to the square. Grandfather brought his drum and he and Mr. Bridgham started a parade. Soon they were joined by girls and men from the brush factory, beating on pans with brush handles. Everything was forgotten for that day—a day of rejoicing the whole country over.

After a time, war clouds came again for World War II. Some of our Buckfield young men left, never to return. Others were wounded and maimed for life.

After a few years, the fighting was over again and my uncle, James E. Warren, son of Alfonso Warren (who was about 80 years old at the time), played the historic drum to celebrate the end of that war with a parade through the streets. Once more Peace was in our valley.

As a memorial to my beloved uncle and grandfather I have presented this historic drum to the town of Buckfield and its people.

God bless our wonderful country. I am proud of my American heritage. This is Home. □

## INCONSISTENCY

The age of common sense has come at last  
And I believe in solid truth and fact.  
These occult superstitions of the past,  
Exposed by scientists as inexact,  
No longer influence each thought and act.  
It's one of life's supreme absurdities...  
But I still say GESUNDHEIT  
when you sneeze!

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8 Seattle 9:00 p.m.	9 California 8:10 p.m.	10 California 10:30 p.m.	11 California 10:30 p.m.	12	13 Oakland 10:30 p.m.	14 Oakland 4:30 p.m.
15 Oakland 4:30 p.m.	16	17	18	19 Seattle 7:30 p.m.	20 Seattle 7:30 p.m.	21 Seattle 2:00 p.m.
22 California 2:00 p.m.	23 California 7:30 p.m.	24 Oakland 7:30 p.m.	25 Oakland 7:30 p.m.	26 Oakland 2:00 p.m.	27 Texas 8:35 p.m.	28 Texas 8:35 p.m.
29 Texas 8:35 p.m.	30 Cleveland 7:35 p.m.	31 (OH) Cleveland 5:35 p.m.			Home game	Away game

have felt it. We have watched our babies walk down this road for their first day of school; taken our boys over it to see them leave for foreign places; watched them eagerly as they came up the road on furlough, and finally as they walked up it proudly, wearing their discharge pins. We have known sorrow, too, for those parents who watched the road in vain. We can remember the early morning hours when we were awakened by curious sounds, as though all the animals in the jungle were on the loose, and hurriedly left our slumbers to watch a circus go past, not in a parade, but in huge trucks.

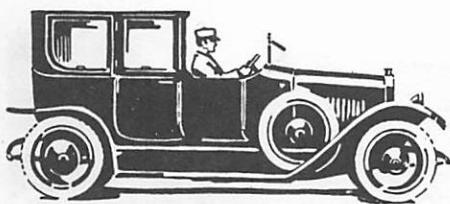
It is a common sight when the fairs start to see elephants being transported from one to another, to see the freaks we will later pay admission to see, driving their own cars and trucks. It is always a thrill for the kiddies to watch the many rides and animal shows on their way to the fair.

In the winter many heavy trucks go over the road, hauling logs to the mills, but traffic drops off so that as we watch it we can see our neighbors go past on their way to the dentist, shopping, or to the movies. We can distinguish each car and know what kind it is, how old it is, and even if it is paid for yet, or not!

Route 5 is much more than just a road; it is our means of getting to business, to shopping centers, going on pleasure trips and visits—our means of communication with the outside world. It passes our schools, stores, and homes—a road of sheltering trees, green lawns, and all the things that make it our street. We take a personal interest in it because even though it has its bumps and rough places it is like our lives and we never stop trying to improve it. It is as dear to us as an old friend.

Sometimes, I think Maine people, like people everywhere, fail to see the forest because of the trees. We wander away searching for new things to see, discover beauty in other mountains, lakes, and other men's yards—failing to see the beauty that is on our own doorstep. The sights that others drive many miles to see are commonplace to us and fail to hold our interest.

July is a fine month to go exploring and see Maine with new eyes and minds. This is the month when tourists get to know the state and find, to their surprise, that Maine has many things they never realized it has.



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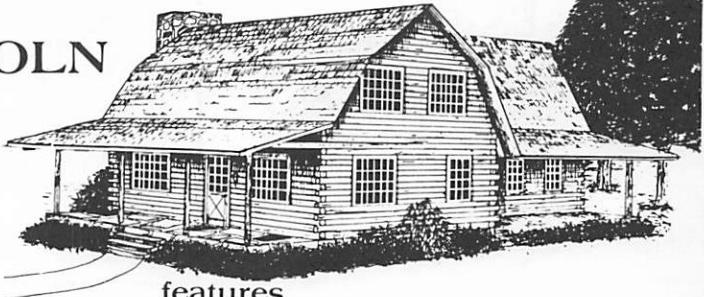
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They find, besides the well-known things, that both gold and silver have been found in Maine; that the world's largest snowshoe and snowshoe factory are located in Norway; and that Maine even has a desert, complete with guides and a camel. I think it has lost its attraction by being so commercialized, but if you could be lucky enough to visit it when no one else was there you would have no trouble in imagining yourself truly lost on the desert.

A guideboard near our home has caught the attention of outsiders. Postcards have gone all over the world, even to the places mentioned on it; and any day in summer you can see someone posing beside it, or on top, having his picture snapped. They are all towns that we know well, and the summer people adopted it and made it famous. The sign reads: Norway 14 mi., Paris 15, Denmark 23, Naples 23, Sweden 25, Poland 27, Mexico 37, Peru 46, China 94.

The Greenwood ice caves are something that many of us who live near them have never seen, yet here is one of nature's strangest sights, deep caverns worn by water which always has ice and icicles in it. Near by are tracks of what is called a deer—

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several steps imprinted on stones. How did the imprints come there unless the stones were soft; and was it a deer or some animal unknown to us now? Who knows the answer and why travel to other countries when Maine can furnish thought for study and exploration? Who knows the answer as to why, despite draining, resurfacing, and tarring, water continues to boil through the road on a hill in Norway; and why an ordinary well that supplies drinking water to a family in Otisfield has icicles in it the year around? Nature has her secrets in Maine, as in all other states. July is the perfect month to study these secrets and find new ones. Who knows but what there may be uranium out there in someone's sheep pasture, or undiscovered wonders waiting down a country road? □

Mrs. Farrington, a native of East Stoneham, now resides at Ledgeview Nursing Home in West Paris. She wrote her book **Maine Is Forever**, from which the above article is reprinted, in 1954. She has also published other articles and a book of poetry.

## YOU DON'T SAY

### THE CURSE

The Saco River is born in Crawford Pond in New Hampshire; it descends through Crawford Notch as a gentle trout stream, but by the time it reaches Conway it has been re-enforced by other streams and has reached the status of river. Shortly before crossing the state line into Maine, the river becomes canoeable (if you like class two rapids). Once one passes the hydro-electric dam at Swans Falls in Fryeburg, there is thirty miles or so of placid water, with the single exception of Walker Rips between Fryeburg and Brownfield—and that is better portaged by the novice.

The placid water ends at Hiram (or Great) Falls—a violent no-no. It has never been run successfully in the memory of man. Steep Falls and Limington Rapids, further down are deceptively dangerous as well. Almost every year some foolhardy soul challenges the river. All too often the Saco wins and the victory is fatal to the challenger.

It is then that old-timers shake their heads and mutter, "Old Paugus' Curse' has struck again!" Tradition has it that the curse came about in this manner: two white trappers encamped on the Saco near what is now Fryeburg saw an Indian child at play. No

doubt their judgement had been distorted by over-indulgence in "fire-water," but they hurled the child into the river to see if an Indian child could swim, whereupon it proceeded to drown.

Chief Paugus sent a war-party out to seize the culprits, but they returned empty-handed. So Paugus and his medicine man conferred to cast this curse on the Saco: "May it be the will of the Great Spirit that so long as grass grows and water runs, each year the Saco shall claim the life of three white men." Unfortunately the treacherous Saco has fulfilled the curse many times.

One day a group of sub-teen campers were passing time by making the eighteen-foot jump from Hiram Bridge into the water. The river at Hiram Bridge is full of many things not ordinarily found in nature—among them broken bottles, a Model T chassis, and numerous other things buried in the sand. A concerned local resident sought to advise the youngsters that their activities were not conducive to a safe return to the home of their parents, by telling them of the curse. "Remember, it is said that each year the Saco will take the lives of three white men."

Whereupon a little black boy grinned and replied, "Man, I haven't got a worry in the world!" And he jumped again. □

Raymond Cotton  
Hiram

### WHEN HOPS GREW IN ANDOVER \*

During the 1800's, many farms in Andover had large hop-yards. Hops were grown on poles, like beans, except they were twined about the poles in the opposite direction. When the hops, which looked like small green cones, were ripe, men and boys pulled the poles up and placed them across long boxes, and young women and girls picked the hops off into the boxes. The hops were then taken to the dryer and spread on burlap stretched over laths. Brimstone was sprinkled on coals underneath the hops to help them dry and kill any insects.

Once dried, the hops were bagged or pressed into bales and hauled to Bryant Pond to be shipped to companies making them into beer and medicine. Hops were used in local homes for many things as well: hop pillows were prepared for people with asthma to sleep on; a bag of hot hops was applied to an aching stomach; hops were used to make yeast for bread.



During hop-picking time, boys and girls would come from town and all over the surrounding areas to help in the hop-yards. In the evenings, dances were held to entertain them. □

\* From the town history of Andover now in production and scheduled for release sometime this summer. Used by permission of The Friday Club.



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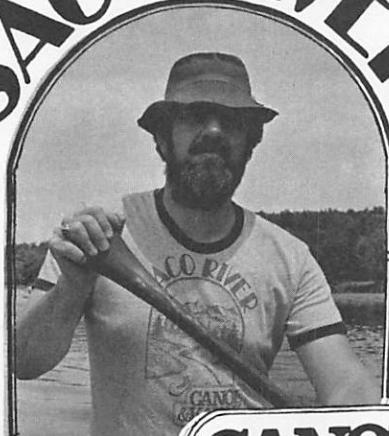
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